

Spring 1991

Gumbo Magazine, Spring 1991

Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College

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Louisiana State University

Spring 1991

Living with AIDS



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WRITER PROFILES

Kathy Brister, the writer of the cover story, is a senior in news-editorial journalism. She keeps busy with her writing, her job and school. In her sparse free time she enjoys shopping at resale shops and traveling.

Paula Dale, a Gumbo regular, is a broadcast journalism major who is minoring in Theatre. She will graduate (we hope) in May and plans to enter the real world without losing her sense of humor.

Paige Dronet, a first-time contributor, is a creative writing major minoring in Spanish. She plans to go to graduate school in broadcast journalism.

Pat Kelly, another first-time contributor, is a psychology major with interests in art, music and theatre. She is currently a second-semester freshman who's gotten off to a flying start with her well-researched flashback story.

Lori Kimball, a senior majoring in general studies, wrote the parking spots story in 1987 (it was updated by Garilyn Ourso). Lori is a Chi Omega alumna.

Garilyn Ourso, our humorist-in-residence, was a creative writing major who graduated this past December. Due to poverty, she currently supports herself by collecting shoe tongues and selling them to leather wholesale shops.

Ivy Restituto is an interior design major. She is a first-time contributor to the magazine. Because of her interest in the arts, she enjoyed researching the sculpture story.

Robert Wolf is a junior in journalism major with a minor in history. He enjoys cooking, biking and playing the drums. This is his first contribution to the magazine, and he is looking forward to writing for the Gumbo next semester.

**Got any questions, comments, or ideas
concerning the Gumbo Magazine?
Drop us a line at:**

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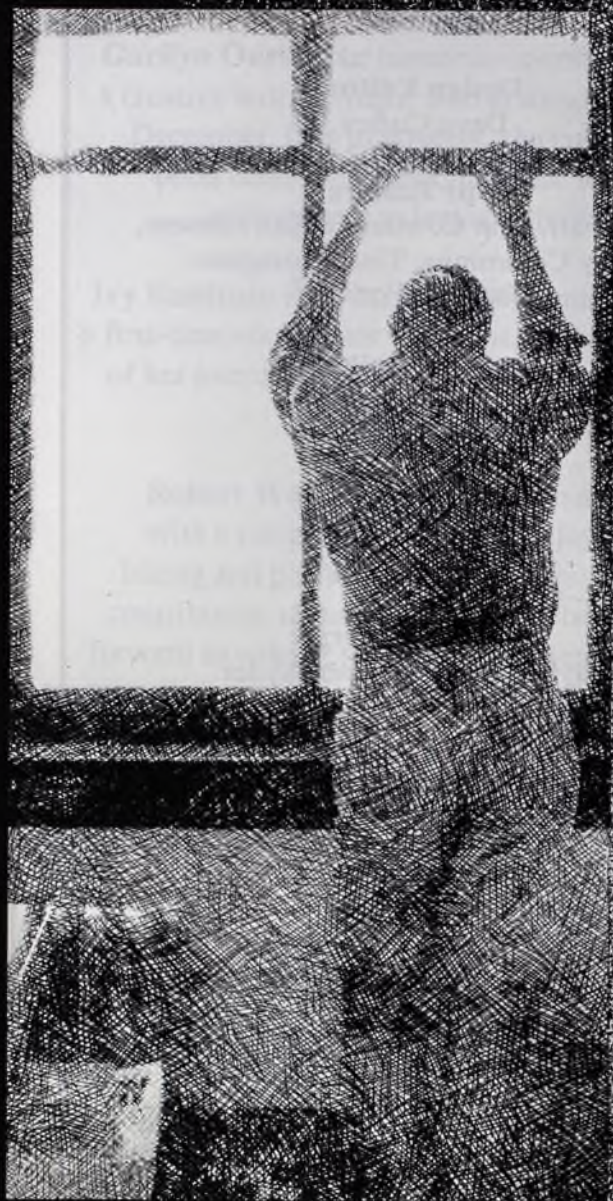


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Living with AIDS



AIDS is a stranger to most college campuses.

Not because the disease hasn't infiltrated the robust bodies of people of collegiate age - more than 500 cases of people with AIDS age 20 to 29 were reported in Louisiana by August of 1990 - but because students with AIDS usually stay silent about their sickness, or quit school.

But this wasn't the way it happened with Al.

Al tested HIV positive during his last year of graduate school. He was not a student at LSU, but he could have been.

According to a report presented by Dr. Richard Keeling to the American College Health Association in February, a campus with 20,000 students may have an average of 36 to 44 students who are HIV positive. With more than 25,000 students, LSU is likely to have a greater number of students who are infected with the disease.

In October of last year, Al's doctor, a family friend of fifteen years, hesitantly told him he was HIV positive.

"When you hear it, you just drop like a lead weight, you know. But I think I was prepared for it," Al said more than a year after his war with AIDS began.

The HIV positive test only confirmed Al's suspicions. He had been feeling unusually tired and had had a rash that would not go away.

"If you're a gay male in today's society, you figure you'll be exposed to it sooner or later," he commented.

Unlike some of his friends who had contracted the disease, Al did not go through a period of denial.

"I accepted it immediately and started to work on what I had to do to stay alive," he said.

First, Al had to study the enemy, to learn about the creature that was eating away at his immune system.

"I was so naive that I didn't even know there was a difference between an HIV-positive person, a person with AIDS-related complex and a person with full-blown AIDS," Al said.

There are differences.

HIV infection has four phases, according to Keeling's report.

When a person is initially infected with HIV, he may have flu-like symptoms for a few days. However, he will feel healthy again. An infected person may not test positive for HIV for three years.

The second phase occurs when the person actually tests positive for the disease.

Months or years may go by before a person reaches the third stage of the disease, symptomatic AIDS-related complex. A person with ARC is weakened by an immune system that is deficient in fending off viruses, infection and disease and may often be sick.

The final phase is the advanced HIV disease, or AIDS. A person with AIDS may live for months or years in the advanced stage.

Education is currently the best weapon for fighting the disease.

On campus, the Gay and Lesbian Student Alliance works to educate its members and the public about AIDS and its prevention.

GLSA is most visible during registration, distributing information to students on AIDS and safer sex practices.

"We attempt to make students aware, but mainly the attitude is 'I can't get this, I'm immune.' This is not unusual for kids the age of those first starting here at LSU," president of GLSA Steven Ransome said.

It is imperative that the group distribute AIDS information at every available opportunity, GLSA member Lori Jones said.

"You have to continually keep reminding and keep educating people - keep making them aware that you can't become complacent about AIDS," she said.

Education is also important for those who have the disease.

People with AIDS must learn how to take care of themselves, Al said, and not rely solely on their doctors or nurse-practitioners. They must learn that they can live with the disease, he said.

"I think a lot of people succumb to this disease because they have no hope and they give up," he said.

Al refused to yield to AIDS and changed his way of life in order to stay alive.

"I've become more health-conscious by necessity. You have to quit drinking, I mean, you really have to give up all of the vices that you enjoyed before.

"It takes a lot of energy to go out and party," he said laughingly.

Al has been taking AZT five times a day since February. The drug has made him anemic, but he said it has also helped him to hold his ground against the disease.

"I don't know chemically what it has done to my body, but I have been feeling better since I began taking it," he said.

After he was diagnosed, Al remained committed to school and finished his thesis, although he became seriously ill in March.

Since he graduated with a master's in theater in August, he has kept busy with volunteer work, mostly to benefit others with AIDS.

He currently volunteers at a food bank which serves about 250 people with AIDS in the New Orleans area. The food bank is designed to supplement the food stamps that many people with AIDS depend upon.

It also provides a support system for those

with the disease. Al will soon be the manager of a program called The Living Room, which will provide a gathering place for people with AIDS.

He is also forming a New Orleans branch of "Actors With AIDS," an AIDS-awareness theatrical program that has been successful on stage in New York.

Al said "Actors With AIDS" is well suited for people with AIDS, because it provides a creative outlet without the demands of regular theatrical work. Since most of the programs involve monologues, an actor who is sick does not have to perform, and the show will go on.

Although Al has adjusted well to living with AIDS, he discovered acceptance of the disease did not come easily for some of those close to him.

Many people cannot get over their fear of this disease, and that makes it difficult for those who have AIDS, even if they are willing to accept it, he said.

"I did go through a period of rage. I was very angry - mostly because of the different treatment I was getting from people."

One friend, who was also HIV-positive, turned away from him.

"This particular person was in a terrible state of denial and could offer no support because of it.

"Sometimes friends desert you," Al said, with a momentary sadness in his voice.

"What's funny about friends is they 'll get angry at you for getting sick."

However, Al did have the support of his family. Unlike the parents of many others he knows who have contracted the disease, Al's parents had accepted his homosexuality long before he tested positive for HIV.

Last spring, Al needed that support. He had a two-month bout with pneumonia that left him weak and depressed.

Al went to Charity Hospital with a 105-degree fever, and they began running blood

tests and X-rays.

After he waited for more than 20 hours, the hospital refused to admit him because he did not have shortness of breath and was not coughing up blood, Al said.

Because so many people come into Charity Hospital's emergency room, the staff must judge individual cases for severity and take care of those people who are in the most serious conditions, head nurse Erin Burks said.

It is not unusual for patients to wait as long as Al did, and patients who are walking and talking, even if they have a high fever, are often considered to be routine cases by the hospital, Burks said.

Al found out later that the hospital's refusal was a blessing in disguise. Hospitals are high-risk areas for people with AIDS, because they are areas of opportunistic infection.

During his battle with pneumonia, Al was often so sick that he could not lift his head from the pillow. His temperature went up and down like a roller coaster. He suffered from insomnia, and when he could sleep, he was sometimes plagued with night sweats.

"There was a period when I was so depressed, I thought I was going to die.

"You think people would rally around you and support you, but apparently the attitude toward this disease is quite different. When you get diagnosed with it, you get ignored."

And when he did receive some attention, it was equally discouraging.

An article in a local newspaper reported that Al, once an active member of the New Orleans theatrical community, had died. Upon hearing of his death, Al called the writer to let her know she had been mistaken.

"I told her, 'It's going to take more than a fatal disease to kill me,'" Al said with a grin.

As soon as he was able to get out of bed, Al forced himself to exercise to restore

strength to his debilitated body. He had just moved into a new apartment, so he occupied his time with getting it in order.

"The energy that you lose is just so incredible. Sometimes I wouldn't have the energy to brush my teeth or stand up long enough to shave, but I would make myself get up and unpack boxes. I might be able to handle half a box, then I would have to go and sit down for half an hour.

"Finally I started to come back to the land of the living, and things slowly got better and better," he said.

After recuperating he began the volunteer work that he has grown to love.

"It made me feel so alive to help other people. It really brought me out of the depression and anger I was feeling.

"Everyone needs to learn to appreciate his life, and to do what good he can with whatever time he has left."

Al thinks that the media is responsible for disheartening many people with AIDS. The papers don't give them any hope, so they give up, he said.

In his opinion, the media should report more positive stories about AIDS - not just about people dying with AIDS, but about people living with the disease.

"The media sometimes calls people with AIDS 'victims', and that's not a fair word to use. We're not victims, but people tend to look at us like that."

More positive stories are visible now, because of recent medical advances in the treatment of AIDS, he said.

"Treatments in the past year have improved so greatly that it is no longer a death warrant as soon as you get diagnosed."

But that doesn't mean that the enemy isn't out there.

Through his work at the food bank, Al has seen the number of women coming in for help increase markedly.

The figures back up Al's claims. An August

surveillance report released by the Louisiana Department of Health and Hospitals reports more than 3,500 U.S. cases of women with AIDS age 20 to 29.

The heterosexual community has ignored this disease for too long, and many of their attitudes toward AIDS can be attributed to the press reporting it as a gay disease, he said.

But anyone who is sexually active or is an intravenous drug user is at risk.

"This virus doesn't have any bigotry. It will infect everyone," he said.

Although he watches more and more people around him become acquainted with the deadly stranger, Al refuses to give in.

He continues to battle the enemy, and has resigned himself to living with AIDS.



latex



or no sex

NOT MUCH OF A CHOICE

With increasing numbers of people becoming infected with socially communicable diseases, the design staff of the Gumbo Magazine strongly suggest the use of condoms. While not being the most comfortable or convenient of practices, **PRACTICING WITHOUT** a condom **COULD**

KILL YOU!

From A Female's Point Of View

story by paula dale

Why is it you only run your panty hose putting them on?

Whose idea was the "thong"?

While soaking in a warm bubble bath trying to relax, to escape the agonies of PMS and to stop worrying about my last year in college, these thoughts occurred to me. Perhaps some others can relate:

First, why is it you only run your panty hose putting them on...

a. when your first date is about to pick you up?

b. when you're running late for work?

c. when you've bought a size B, but should have gotten queen size?

d. when you think you've almost got them on, you do the final plie' to get those suckers up. . . and they rip?

And why is it your hair always looks terrific the night before your big date? You're scrubbing the kitchen floor looking ravishing, but come date night, you'd just as soon cancel.

Why do men think women with tans are sexy?

Who designs that piece of women's lingerie called the "leddy"?

Why is it when your house or apartment is incredibly clean no one but the exterminator sees it?

Oh, and if bikinis weren't bad enough for women to try and look semi-appropriate in, Whose idea was the "thong"? You know that 1/2 inch piece of material that goes up your behind and is called a "swimsuit." (yeah, right)

Which brings me to my next question. Why do men think women with tans are sexy? When you finally achieve that goddess tan, they tell you how bad it is for you and how stupid it is to lay in the sun. (I don't know)

How about this one? Why is it when you finally get your hair long, short hair comes back in style?

And why do you always meet men who like older women when you're young and men who like younger women when you're old? (think about that one)

This one kills me. Who designs that piece of women's lingerie called the "teddy"? I mean who are these things made for? They can only fit someone 5'9 or taller with a 37 inch chest and legs to her neck.

Another one that bugs me. Why do you always run into your ex-lover, a prospective mate or an old school acquaintance you

hate right after you've managed to finish a killer aerobics class, your hair is greasy and in a pony tail which is now on the side of your head, and you've got no trace of make up left?

And why is it when your house or apartment is incredibly clean no one but the exterminator sees it? But when it's a disaster during finals or a tough week at work, your mother and the whole gang stops by.

Why is it when you go to get your hair cut, the stylist tells you to bring a picture of what you'd like, so you bring a picture of Paulina or Elle McPherson? (like you're really going to walk out looking like them)

And why does your gynecologist call you from the waiting room, only to have you get undressed and lay with your feet up in stirrups until he comes back 45 minutes later to examine you? (I mean, there could be a fire or you could be finishing that article on how to make a better casserole).

Finally, but by no means lastly, (it's just that the water is getting cold) why do all the bubbles disappear after only a few minutes?

Why do all the bubbles disappear after only a few minutes?

IN LSU WE TRUST...

story by robert wolf

In the last twenty years, LSU has taken on the mission of being a leading research university. We have several outstanding research facilities, such as the Center for Advanced Microstructures and Devices which started construction earlier this year, Pennington Biomedical Research Center which sits half vacant because of lack of funds, and the Computer Aided Design /Geographic Information Systems which produce some of the best high-resolution computer graphics in the world.

It seems that the university has been caught up in the ever-rising tide of competition that is flooding the nation's research universities.

For a university to prosper, it must produce new technology. Its professors must be researchers as well as instructors. Universities must adhere to the "publish or perish" philosophy to compete. Unfortunately, when professors publish, sometimes it's the students who perish.

LSU is only a part of a nationwide trend that has left the undergraduate student occasionally ignored by professors who are more interested in their research. Criticism from all directions lashes out at the current state of our university system.

According to the Washington Post, Stanford University president Donald Kennedy spoke critically of the current state of undergraduate instruction on his campus.

The Post quotes Kennedy as saying to a faculty council, "There is a suspicion that we have lost focus in designing and delivering a well-planned, challenging and inspiring education to our under-

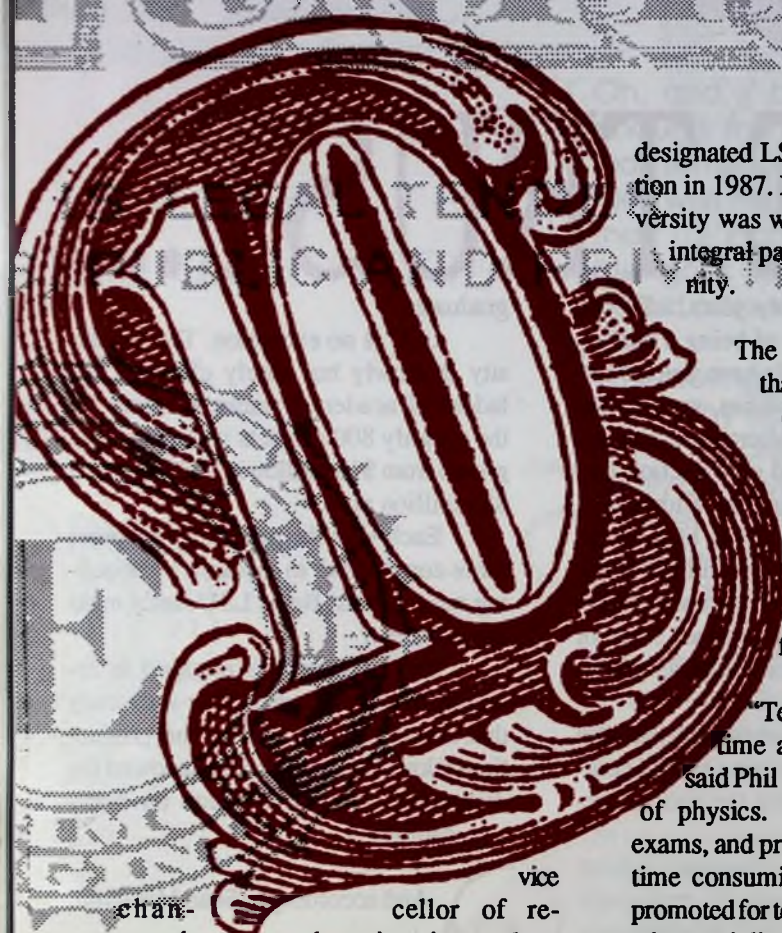
graduates."

LSU is no exception. The university is slowly but surely climbing the ladder of academic status. Funding for the roughly 800 projects on campus has grown from \$16 million in 1983 to nearly \$55 million now.

Each year the university becomes more competitive in research by acquiring more grants. But is LSU really making progress?

The university is engaged in research wars with every other university that actively seeks grants. The production of knowledge has overshadowed the dissemination of knowledge on many campuses.

And according to Sean McGlynn,



designated LSU as a Research I institution in 1987. It was official, and the university was well on its way to being an integral part of the scientific community.

The faculty gives a clear sign that research is a priority. Increased funding for research is directly attributed to diligent pursuits of grants and contracts by professors. But that consumes a lot of time and may distract teachers from helping students.

"Teaching takes up a lot of time and breaks up your day," said Phil Adams, assistant professor of physics. "Making exams, grading exams, and preparing for lectures is very time consuming - and you do not get promoted for teaching," he added. Adams, who specializes in low-temperature physics, says that he spends three hours preparing for each lecture.

Adams seems to echo the sentiments of many other professors on campus. Research, and not the students, is the driving force on campus.

"Our department is research-oriented," said John Drilling, professor of astronomy. "While we do take teaching seriously, it's publish or perish in this department. It's tough, but we must achieve, and that's life."

"The number of points for research outnumbers the number of points for teaching," said Lawrence Rouse, a physical oceanographer who has been at LSU since 1972.

"When it comes to promotion time, teaching gets the short end of the stick."

Competition for research grants and contracts has become very stiff, said Mary Barkley, a professor of chemistry.

"Grant money is very scarce, but it pays for most of our research," she said. "So researchers must be more aggressive in obtaining contracts. It's all very time-consuming," added Barkley, who is also teaching freshman chemistry.

"I don't think that LSU would be what it is without grants," she said.

Many faculty argue that research is a vital component of a university. "A college is a place of instruction only," said the vice-chancellor of research. "But a university is both a place of research and a place of learning. And LSU is a university."

Other administrators agree.

Marion Socolofsky, a professor of microbiology and the department head, says that "Research in a university is a necessary evil - it has to be done. Without grant money we could not function," he said.

"The bottom fell out of oil and we are trying to do too much with too few faculty and facilities. It's all a real disservice to the students," added Socolofsky.

He also said, "The students are the life blood of the university, but research is where you get renewal of knowledge." He has taught almost 10,000 students in 30 years at LSU.

Nicholas Fisher, professor of organic chemistry, added that "students learn from the cutting edge of technology. The best way to serve our students is to have the most advanced equipment at their disposal. It is expensive and grants are the only way to pay for it."

The university does not completely ignore its undergraduate students, but the aspirations of being a leading research university may have swept them aside. However, students as well as administrators expect a lot from professors.

Some professors claim they are overburdened by the double demands.

vice
chan- cellor of re-
search, the university needs to
take greater strides to acquire
more grants and contracts. "For such a
large institution, we are a rather weak re-
search university," he said.

"LSU does not bring in nearly
enough grants to function at an optimum
level," added the vice chancellor.

The College of Basic Sciences
brings in the most money. This year the
college collected \$16 million for 227
projects, according to Peter Rabideau,
dean of the college.

The College of Engineering also
brings in a hefty sum each year. "The
engineering faculty are bringing in more
money now because the department heads
are placing greater emphasis on research,"
said Edward McLaughlin, dean of engi-
neering. "Twenty years ago, the mission
was to teach," he added.

To the delight of professors and ad-
ministrators, the Carnegie Foundation



"Everyone in my department puts in over eight hours every day," said Oscar Huh, a member of the Coastal Studies Institute. "We are expected to make time for everybody."

George Stanley, a chemistry professor, said, "We have responsibilities in several different areas. We must teach, conduct research and provide community service. It's tough on young non-tenured professors because they must produce quality research if they are to succeed."

Many professors cite their unspoken duties as a cause of job stress.

"It's the thousands of little things that I have to do that take up so much time," said Fisher.

"These extra duties are not noticed unless they go undone; then somebody notices," he added. Other professors agree.

"Community service is a big part of our job," said Roy Dakka, a professor of geology. "I get phone calls all of the time from the community. A woman called me the other day and asked if we are expecting an earthquake in early November. I told her no."

When it comes to promotion time, research carries the clout. Teaching is hardly considered. The Standardized Biographical Data Sheet for promotion and tenure of faculty members in the LSU system does not even evaluate a professor's ability to teach. Not a single question on the sheet pertains to the quality of

a professor's instruction. It does not even ask applicants to list awards won for outstanding teaching.

John Baptista, a recent graduate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said, "I came to LSU to set up a research project. My teaching abilities have not been tested, but the university wasn't concerned with that."

But in defense of promotion policies, Richard Avent, chairman of the civil engineering department, said that teacher evaluations are an important factor.

"Teacher evaluations usually reflect students' level of satisfaction with the instructor because students start coming through that door with complaints," he added.

Many professors believe the best researchers make the best teachers. "A non-research university does not get researchers who are passionately involved in their field," said William Pryor, a professor of organic chemistry.

Jim Roche, a professor of geology, agrees.

"I fully support the contention that the best researchers are the best teachers," said Roche. "Research keeps the mind active and allows a professor to keep i n

touch with his field."

Many professors and administrators feel that research and undergraduate education go hand in hand. They take the position that research enhances scholarship.

"A professor must stay abreast of his field because technology doubles every five years," explained McGlynn. "If a professor does not keep up with his field, he will only know one-half of what he should. In ten years, he will only know one-quarter of what is known. And in fifteen years," added McGlynn, "he will only know one-eighth of his field."

Ron Siebling, professor of microbiology, said that teaching is influenced by research.

"It's easy to just use last year's notes," said Siebling. "But to be an effective teacher you must stay on top of things, and in a non-research university, instructors can fall behind."

Many teachers cite the hands-on approach to learning as the best tool for learning, and research grants make possible what the state may not fund.

"Scholarship and higher education are synonymous," said Barkley. "Students, such as the undergraduates who assist



the graduate students in the lab, learn by doing. As a teacher, my job is to get the ball rolling."

LSU is painfully underfunded by the state. Much of the new laboratory equipment, faculty members, and graduate programs are funded through grants for research. McLaughlin said research is a way for the university to have what it normally could not.

"Thanks to computers bought with grant money," he said, "Undergraduates in engineering have 24-hour access, 365 days a year, to computers originally bought for research."

Barkley also noted that "the facilities on campus are inadequate for today's research. Grants allow us to acquire equipment, personnel, and students who would normally go to other schools to study," she added.

"Grants do directly benefit the students," said Siebling. "Very little money is allocated to labs for teaching, so I take research equipment and use it in class," he said.

The news is not all grim and there are a few bright spots. The chemis-

try department and the College of Agriculture are currently discussing changes in curriculum to adapt to a changing world.

The College of Engineering has just set up two titled professorships dedicated to excellence in undergraduate teaching. The college hopes to promote teaching merit as well as scholarship.

David Wetzel, an associate professor of chemical engineering and a holder of one of the titled professorships, acknowledges the importance of undergraduate teaching.

"I have submitted over \$500,000 in grant proposals," he said, "But I am a better teacher than a researcher. I try to get the students to think analytically. I want them to understand that what they are learning is important and relevant from here on out."

And Roche, who was invited to LSU to direct the geology field camp, said that he came here under the stipulation that he does not have to do research. "It's almost embarrassing not to conduct research on a college campus," he said.

"Many teachers would like to be let off the teaching hook because teaching is not as valued as scholarly achievements," he added.

"But I prefer to teach."

As a recipient of the 1990 LSU Alumni Association Distinguished Faculty award and the 1990 Burlington-Northern Excellence in Teaching award, he feels it is his duty to inspire students about the wonders of science.

"A university is what the faculty decides it is," said Dakka, a structural geologist. "LSU is about learning new things and preparing people for the future. If we didn't do research, we wouldn't know anything new," he added.

It's a rat race pursuit of knowledge and higher learning. Professors claim that research is the heart of a university. Students claim they are the soul of a university. And administrators know that both are necessary.



Parking On Campus



Parking at LSU hasn't changed much through out the years. True, students of yore have also held faith in the fantasy that the number of parking spots is directly proportional to the number of drivers in the student body. But we're not talking here of parking your car and getting out; we're talking of parking your car and staying in.

by lori kimball
and garilyn ourso

Let's go back several decades, say, before Madonna grabbed hers and Elvis shook his. Back when playing snuggle bunnies in the dorm room was illegal but playing doctor in the back seat was not. What's a frisky couple to do?

In the early 1940s, the place to go, according to Cecil Caldwell, an LSU student in 1940 and 1941, was "the Point" on Dalrymple Drive.

It was christened "Passion Point,... the place to go smoochin' with your date"

Caldwell was known as "mom" at the Chi Omega sorority house at LSU, where she was housemother for eight years and is now at the Phi Mu house.

"Back then," Caldwell said, "Baton Rouge was not that big and there were only a few houses out there on the other side of Dalrymple."

"We parked on that jut of land across the street from them, but it wasn't that big, so you had to get there early to get a good spot. Everybody used to ride by to see who was there," she said.

Another prime parking spot was the area LSU students now call the Parade Grounds, Caldwell said. She insists that she never went there herself, but heard that couples were "all over."

Like all traditions, parking continued to flourish in popularity for the next decade of hormone enthusiasts. Doris Dean, a 1951 LSU graduate and wife of Athletic Director Joe Dean recalls fond memories.

It was christened "Passion Point,... the place to go smoochin' with your date."

For anyone unfamiliar with late night parking and the surprise guests this event entices, what would a little intimate nuzzling be without the presence of your friendly neighborhood law enforcement representative? Ashley Kleinpeter, who attended LSU from 1973 through 1977, provides insight to 1970's parking, which proved to be something of "a problem."

"People would walk up to the car, knock on the window and ask for directions. It was a joke to try and park there." After migrating to Highland Road Park, Kleinpeter discovered that soon the police were knocking on windows and they weren't asking for directions. She remembers encountering one policeman who knew her date's father.

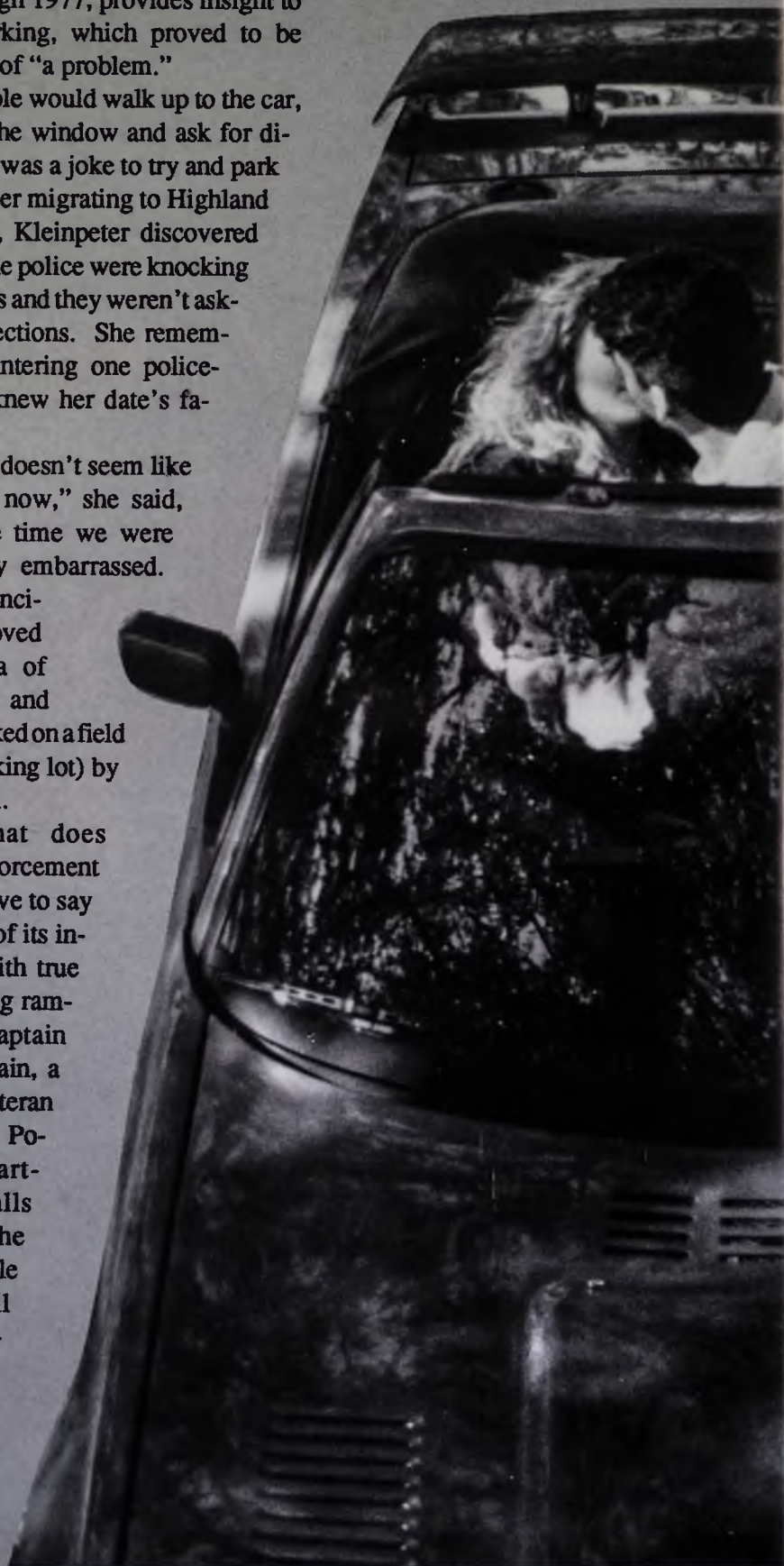
"It doesn't seem like a big deal now," she said, "but at the time we were both totally embarrassed.

After that incident, we moved to the area of Brightside and we also parked on a field (now a parking lot) by the stadium.

What does the law enforcement segment have to say in defense of its interfering with true love running rampant? Captain Connie Swain, a 21 year veteran of the LSU Police Department recalls that in the 1970s, people parked "all over campus," creating a problem. He said

that LSU police are aware that parking exists and try to stress parking where there are patrols and other people around.

"People have parked on the lake across from



the agriculture barns for years. We would much rather have them parked in that location where we know they are there and they know we are there than have something happen to them while parking in a remote area. We won't bother anyone if we see a male and a female in the car, but if we

see anything suspicious we'll check it out," he said. "We've never taken anyone in for parking."

Whilst some past parkers have had their share of interfering visitors, there have been reported cases of lip lock artists practicing their trade in complete and ideal serenity. Carolyn Moore, a 1963 LSU graduate and wife of former U.S. Rep. Henson Moore said they parked on the residential side of University Lake.

"A good bit of people parked there and the police were very lenient about couples parking; they wanted young people to have a place to go.

"A girl was expelled from school if caught at a man's apartment, so we put the parking area around the lakes to good use," she added.

"Henson gave me his fraternity pin while we were parking at the lakes before a party. I wore it all night. To this day, whenever I drive by that spot

I still remember that wonderful night," she said.

Urban myths that surround late night auto dwelling are numerous. Somehow, "going to watch the submarine races" seems to have progressed into "listening to his cool C.D. system."

Helen Gordon, dean of women at LSU from 1947 through 1967, recalled when a group of students showed her around campus after she'd first arrived.

As they traveled

down Dalrymple, she said, "one girl pointed at a piece of land that jutted into the lake and told me that is where they waited for the ferry."

She believed the girls and did not realize that they were showing her popular parking place.

"For the longest time I believed a ferry really did cross that lake," she said. And another female is wooed by the undying persuasion of a male in des-

Somehow, "going to the submarine races" progressed to "listening to his cool CD system"

perate need of car quality time.

Monique Robichaux was introduced to parking at LSU as a freshman in 1987. "I met a guy at a party and he asked me if I had ever seen the lake," she said.

By the time she realized what lake he was talking about, she was sitting in his car facing the back of her dorm.

"It's pretty funny when I think about it because my dorm room faces that lake and I see it every morning when I wake up," Robichaux added with a giggle.

As with athletics, academics and the arts, our university is one which strives for elevated placement in the competitive world that surrounds us. And yet again, LSU can boast notable ranking. Leave it to the investigative talents of persistent students of this campus to leave no stone unturned nor plot of land unviolated when it comes to the fine and delicate art of window fogging.

SPRING EVENTS CALENDAR

JANUARY

January 8

Orientation

January 9

LSU Union Leisure Class Registration
Room 304, Program Dept. Room 323,
Crafts Center

January 9 - 11

REGISTRATION - SPRING 1991

January 13 - 18

Prolific Art Galleries Print Sale 9 am - 6
pm Feliciana Cont.'s through January
18

January 14

CLASSES BEGIN

January 17

Film: The Last Picture Show 7 & 9:20
pm, Colonnade

January 18

LSU School of Art Graduate Student
Show Reception, 7 - 8:30 pm Union Art
Gallery Show cont.'s through Feb. 8

January 18

Film: sex, lies, and videotape 7 & 9:10
pm, Colonnade

January 20

Cavani String Quartet 4 pm, Colonnade

January 20 - 25

Exclusive Arts Prints Sale 9 am - 6 pm,
Feliciana Cont.'s through January 25

January 21

Martin Luther King Commemorative
Program begins at 12:30 pm
Martin Luther King Speaker: Lerone
Bennett Union Theater

January 22

Final date for adding courses

January 23

Fasion Committee Pre-tryout Seminar:
Fashion Committee Modeling 6 pm,
Cotillion Ballroom

January 24

Film: Hot Water, Saftey Last 7 & 8:50
pm, Colonnade

January 25

Film: The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and
Her Lover 7 & 9:25 pm, Colonnade

January 26

International Committee Welcome Dance
9 pm - 12 midnight Atchafalaya

January 27 - February 1

Trent Graphics Print Sale 9 am - 6 pm
Feliciana Cont.'s through February 1

January 31

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Acadian

January 31

Film: Tom Jones 7 & 9:20 pm, Colon-
nade

FEBRUARY

February 1

Final date for dropping classes without a
"W"

February 1

Film: Cinema Paradiso 7 & 9:25 pm,
Colonnade

February 2

Film: Powaqqatsi 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

February 3

Chamber Music Vienna Schubert Trio 4
pm, Colonnade

February 6

Black Culture Committee Special Fea-
ture: Julian Bond 8 pm, Feliciana

February 7

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

February 7

Film: Prick Up Your Ears 7 & 9:10 pm,
Colonnade

February 11 - 13

Mardi Gras Holiday Cont.'s through
February 13, 12:30

February 14

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

February 14

Film: The Thief of Bagdad 7 & 9:15 pm,
Colonnade

February 15

Great Performances: The Two Gentle-
men of Verona 8 pm, Union Theater

February 15

Film: Monty Python and The Holy Grail
7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

February 16

Film: Betty Blue 7 & 9:20 pm, Colon-
nade

February 17

Passport to Adventure World Travel
Series: "Bonjour France!" with Sherilyn
Mentes 4 pm, Colonnade

February 19

Pop Entertainment The Magic of Stuart
& Lori Illusionists 8 pm, Cotillion Ball-
room

February 21

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

February 21 - 22

Gathering of Poets: Public Forum 2 - 4 pm, Atchafalaya
Gathering of Poets: Formal Reading 8 pm, Plantation Room

February 21

Film: Gothic 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

February 22

LSU Student Art Show Reception, 7 - 8:30 pm Union Art Gallery Show cont.'s through March 20

February 22

Film: Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! 7 & 9:10 pm, Colonnade

February 24

Brides' World 1- 6 pm Exhibits 2 & 4:30 pm Fashion Shows Royal Cotillion Ballroom

February 28

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

February 28

Film: Wings of Desire 7 & 9:25 pm, Colonnade

MARCH

March 1

Perspectives Speaker: Ruby Dee 8 pm, Union Theater

March 1

Film: The Lavendar Hill Mob 7 & 8:45 pm, Colonnade

March 4 - 8

Midsemester exam period Cont.'s through March 8

March 7

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

Film: Second Animation Film Festival 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

March 8

Film: Second Animation Film Festival 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

March 9

Film: Second Animation Film Festival 2, 5, 7, & 9 pm, Colonnade

March 10

Film: Second Animation Film Festival 2, 5, 7, & 9 pm, Colonnade

March 12

Midterm grades due

March 14

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

March 14

Film: Amadeus 7 pm only! Colonnade

March 15

Film: Female Trouble 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

March 17

Passport to Adventure World Travel Series: "Africa Camera Safari" with Clint Denn 4 pm, Colonnade

March 21

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

March 21

Film: Wuthering Heights (1953) 7 & 8:45 pm, Colonnade

March 25 - April 1

Spring Break Cont.'s through April 1

APRIL

April 1

Registration for Summer/Fall Semesters begin

April 4

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

April 4 - May 6

"Goya Etching: Caprichos, Desastres, Tauromaquia" Union Art Gallery Cont.'s through May 6

April 4

Film: The Mosquito Coast 7 & 9:20 pm, Colonnade

April 5

Film: Time Bandits 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

April 6

Film: Time Bandits 1 pm, Colonnade

April 7

Passport to Adventure World Series: "The Deep Caribbean" with Dale Johnson 4 pm, Colonnade

April 11

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

April 11

Film: King of Hearts 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

April 12

Great Performances: Hubbard Street Dance Company 8 pm, Union Theater

April 12

Film: Burroughs 7 & 8:45 pm, Colonnade

April 18

Perspectives Speaker: Ellen Goodman 8 pm, Union Theater

April 18

Spring Fashion Show 8 pm, Cotillion Ballroom

Film: Phantom of the Opera (1925) 7 & 8:50 pm, Colonnade

April 19

Film: Walkabout 7 & 8:50 pm, Colonnade

April 25

Coffee 2051 12:30 pm, Feliciana

Film: Ugetse Monagatori 7 & 9 pm, Colonnade

April 26

Film: The Man in the White Suit 7 & 8:50 pm, Colonnade

April 29 - May 5

Dead Week Cont.'s through May 5

MAY

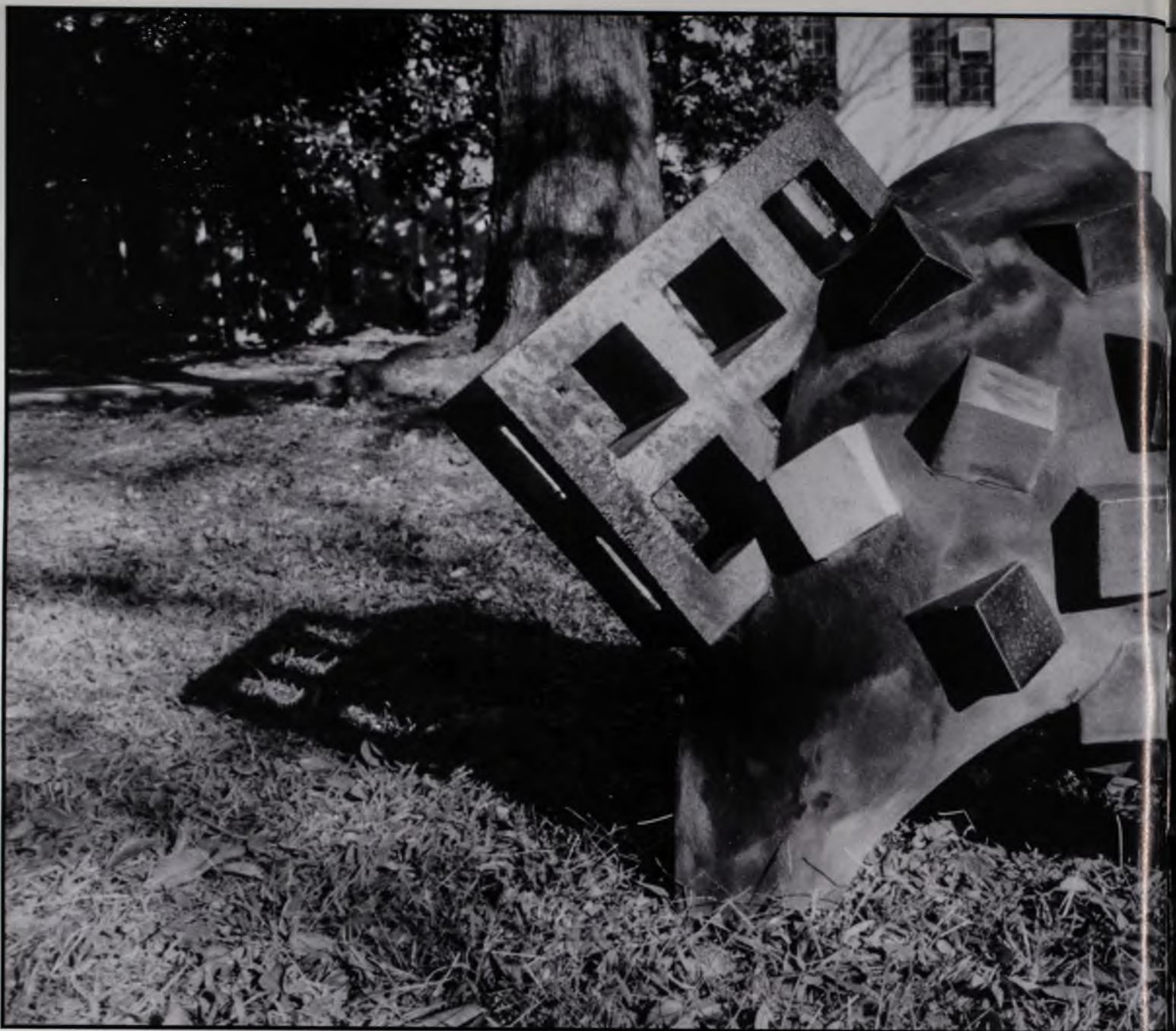
May 6 - 14

Final exam period Cont.'s through May 14

May 16

SPRING

COMMENCEMENT



photos by wayne "gonzo" schexnayder

THE

SCULPTURE PRO



"It's A Nebulous Thing"

story by ivy restituto

The sculpture department has quickly grown in recent years. Once a relatively low-key program because of a small faculty and limited funds, it has undergone a turnaround in the past two years. New faculty and increased funding are generating a definite positive and energetic attitude within the LSU sculpture department.

The driving forces behind LSU sculpture are senior faculty member and professor, Sidney Garrett, Professor Robert Lyon and Assistant Professor Greg Elliot. They have re-organized the department so more emphasis is given to needed areas. All three are also active artists who show 6 to 12 times a year in competitive shows, one-man exhibitions, galleries or museum shows.

Exhibiting works is an important aspect of any visual artist's career. It is equivalent to research for a scientist or the publication of articles and books for a writer. If they aren't exhibiting - they aren't in the professional arena.

PROGRAM AT LSU

A year-round exhibition can be viewed at the sculpture garden by Atkinson Hall. "It's a nebulous thing," said Elliot, "We've sort of taken over the quadrangle. You won't find the sculpture garden on any map, but LSU had sanctioned its existence. Once a year the sculpture department selects pieces from the advanced sculpture class. Students interested in sculpting for the outside are able to test it out... how it looks outside and how the public responds to it." The university is currently considering placing concrete pads in the garden for the sculptures to rest on.

Sculpture, which is any art activity resulting in a 3-dimensional object or statement, is an avenue of personal expression. Lyon explained that it is not necessarily about beauty, but that it's probably about life and about where we live and how we live. Good sculpture, according to Elliot, has a wide range of technical skills and a highly developed aesthetic sense as to the image the sculptor is after and what it's trying to say.

Students at both the graduate and undergraduate levels are pleased with the way the program has changed. Michael Avant, a sophomore in sculpture, said it's basically an awakening of the department as a functioning department on campus. Sean Dickson, a graduate student, said that there is not as much excitement in other departments and that there is a serious-minded positive, conta-

gious attitude.

A strong point of the sculpture program is that it operates with an open philosophy. There is no limit to the kind of sculpture or to the medium on which a student can work. It gives the student the full opportunity to develop whatever interests they have that might be sculpturally oriented, said Lyon. Following this philosophy, sculpture media has no material focus. It ranges from wood, all kinds of metal like steel, aluminum and bronze, found objects, stone and electronic media.

Other strengths include the limitless conceptual ideas of the students and staff. The freedom to work on sculptural ideas, access to equipment and studio space, as well as the critical support of the faculty and the opportunity to show at various competitions, said Avant.

With enthusiastic faculty and student interaction, sculpture at LSU is sure to continue its growth and build a program that is a new and powerful addition to the School of Art.

Elliot summed it up: "It's one

of the up and coming programs in the United States. I don't think it's going to do anything but get better.



Cutting the Cliches

Yesterday I was in a rotten mood. The magazine was not nearly finished. The deadline was past. I still had this editorial to write. The stress was almost unbearable. A very dear male friend was puzzled by my unpleasant disposition and asked if it was "that time of the month." I was angry, because I misunderstood his intentions. He was trying to be amusing and felt that we were close enough friends for jokes of that sort. He wasn't trying to be sexist, but I took it that way.

I was reminded of a poem by Maureen Owens entitled *Novembers or Straight Life*. One passage in particular sticks in my mind:

"...How To Talk To Assholes was a possible title I was considering in honor of the doctor studied my severely swollen thumb & inquired as to whether any strenuous exercise had been taken of late 'perhaps yanking a fitted bedsheets over a mattress?' he postulated..."

Granted, my friend's offhand comment was not the same caliber as the doctor's, but I believe it is rooted in the same misunderstanding. As was my reaction. I was simply in a bad mood. I've never heard a girl ask a guy if his hormones are acting up just because he is not in the best mood. My friend didn't intend for me to be offended by his remark. He was, actually, quite shocked at my reaction. I overreacted because I misunderstood his meaning. I assumed he was bashing me as a woman. My assumption was wrong, but there is so much bashing that goes on from both sides, the assumption was logical.

Men greet each other in less than flattering terms - women do it too. These greetings are meant to be humorous. Why then do some women get upset when they're referred to as "chick" or "babe" by a guy? It is usually meant quite harmlessly. The words have become so commonplace, that they have virtually lost the derogatory meaning they once had. This seems to be another case of over sensitivity.

I think the problem isn't that everyone is running around verbally bashing the opposite sex. It's more that the bashing does take place and so innocent comments between friends are assumed to be in the same genre. I don't think the misunderstanding lies with men only or with women only. We just misunderstand each other.

We are equal, so why do we regard each other as such a threat? Men often assume that any feminist will be belligerent. Women tend to assume that belligerence is the only way to communicate their message. Both sides are wrong. The key is to stop fighting and to stop being so sensitive. That's the only way the hurt feelings on both sides will ever be resolved. We both spend entirely too much time watching what we say or getting offended by people who don't. It's not just men. Women do it too.

How many times have I heard a girl say that men are pigs? Men are expected to avoid generalizations, but women use them just as often.

It's time for us to get past the clichés and talk. Not to ignore the clichés, but to take into account the context in which everything is said.

Women love to say that without them there would be no men. That's true, but I find it equally hard to believe that women could exist without men.

Wendy Yvonne Lavender

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION...

...and other crazy phenomena

by paige dronet

People inexplicably bursting into flames, frogs and blood dropping from the sky - these are just some of the peculiar interests of LSU Greek and Latin Professor Robert Edgeworth.

"My life centers around academics. My outside interests do not touch my professional life. This is just a form of intellectual play," Edgeworth said between speaking about spontaneous human combustion and bizarre showers of strange matter.

Edgeworth said studying spontaneous human combustion on the college level is "like applying for a government grant to study Big Foot."

"I guess have a bit of a reputation for being the fellow who's willing to listen to off-beat theories," he said.

The Union Ideas and Issues Committee, comprised of some of his former students, chose Edgeworth as a speaker for Coffee 2051 last year. Spontaneous human combustion was one of his topics

that there was a deep burn on his left leg with a hole cut through the leg of the undergarment corresponding perfectly to the mark on the leg, but no scorching on the outside of the hole. There were scorch marks on the inside of the trouser leg, but not the outside, indicating that the source of heat came from the inside." He was examined by three different medical doctors and no explanation was ever found.

Edgeworth spoke of another odd instance concerning three deaths caused by spontaneous human combustion on the same day in the late 1930s. One died in England, one in the Netherlands and the third on a boat in the North Sea.

"When measured out, they're at the three apexes of an equilateral triangle," Edgeworth said, adding that the evidence indicates spontaneous human combustion.

"Afterward, the bodies always look as though they've been incinerated. They don't look like a body, but rather a heap of ashes." Edgeworth became interested in spontaneous human combustion by reading the books of Charles Fort, a freelance journalist during the first half of the 20th century. "Fortean phenomenon" includes the unusual accounts of the "off-beat," he said.

"Fort addresses irregularities in patterns of observed data that most scientists shy away from," he said.

are burned to ashes and nothing around them is affected.

"The fire is described as being blue," Edgeworth said. His theory is that "some of the submolecular energy gets released in sudden spurts.

"The spurt is sufficiently intense to cause extensive destruction, but for reasons not known to us, it ... only propagates out a few feet, and stops," he said.

In his personal explanation of the mysterious occurrence, he compared the body's sudden bursting into flames to an eclipse.

Both are rare exceptions, and "the only proof is observation," Edgeworth said with a grin on his face.

Edgeworth said the only person he knew who lived to tell about a spontaneous human combustion experience was James Hamilton, a math professor at the University of Nashville.

On Jan. 5, 1835, Hamilton "discovered that his leg was burning while walking on a cold day. He cupped his hands over it and it went out. He went in and discovered

on spontaneous human combustion was called Promotion of Rational Inquiry and Scientific Method (PRISM). The lecture was sponsored by the William James Fund, a group that sponsors lectures related to parapsychology.

Edgeworth said there are "two violations of physical laws, the first is the generation of so much heat."

The level of heat is like that of a crematorium - approximately 5,000 degrees, he said.

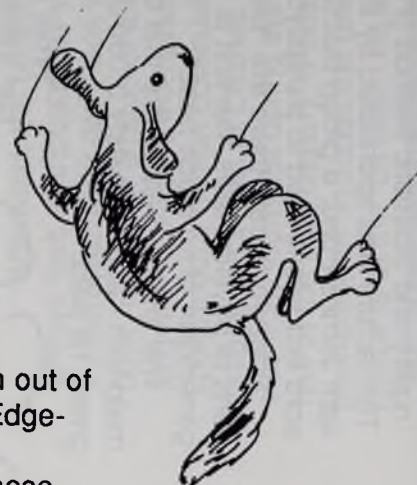
"What source can there be that generates such an incredibly high level of heat?" he asked.

The second unexplained phenomenon, he said, is "what keeps the heat from propagating from beyond the locus of the person involved?" Members of PRISM argued that the victims probably fell asleep while smoking, but the intense temperature of the heat is not accounted for in their theory.



SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION...

...and other crazy phenomena



Edgeworth focuses his reasons for being interested in such occurrences on the psychological phenomenon of closure - the mind's tendency to want to close a gap in given information. Aristotle's theory - "there is a reason for everything" - describes Edgeworth's curiosity about such bizarre occurrences as human combustion and strange objects falling from the sky.

According to Edgeworth in an interview with the Daily Reveille, blood has rained from the sky in several European countries and Japan. A sample taken from a shower in Italy was determined by scientists in 1890 to be real blood, he said.

In various countries, worms, jellyfish, mollusks, frogs, snails, mice and strips of meat reportedly fell from the sky, Edgeworth said. He said reports indicated insect larvae and full grown bugs have showered the Swiss Alps several times.

In Baton Rouge in 1986, thousands of ducks, cat birds, canaries and even some identified species were

reported to have fallen out of a clear morning sky, Edgeworth said.

What makes these phenomena intriguing is how the things got up there, he said.

"Things get picked up in water spouts, and everything falls in a heap. What is interesting about these falls is that everything is of the same species, unlike a normal water spout."

Edgeworth was the former acting chairman of the foreign language department. Currently he is the section head for classical studies and acting director of the comparative literature program.

It is not likely that you or I will ever experience such a rare phenomenon as spontaneous human combustion or witness these oddities falling from the sky in this lifetime considering the rarity of the occurrences and the poorly documented data, Edgeworth said.

When asked if he would like to have such an experience, he laughed and said "I'd be happy to witness one."



L A S C

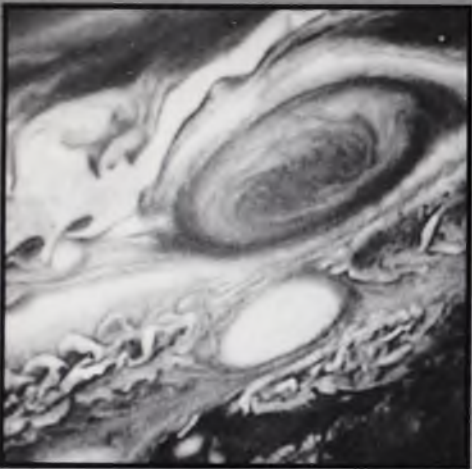
Louisiana Arts and Science Center

If you think you have to leave Baton Rouge to experience a space shuttle launch, to explore the mysteries of ancient Egyptian mummies, to peer in the window of a 19th century country store or to board a 1918 steam engine, you're wrong.

You can do all that and more at the Louisiana Arts and Science Center Riverside Museum, located downtown across from the old State Capitol. The museum has countless exhibits that capture both recent and ancient history as well as culture from all over the world, especially Louisiana.

The history of the museum may be one of the most interesting exhibits there. It was built in 1925 on the site of the Battle of Baton Rouge, an 1862 Civil War conflict. The building itself was originally designed as the home of the Illinois Central Railroad Station, the center of transportation for Baton Rouge. In 1971, the railroad station was leased to Baton Rouge as a museum. Renovations were finished in August 1976, but the museum was not complete until 1984 with the addition of Discovery





Depot, a children's hands-on gallery.

Another regionally recognized exhibit is the collection of artifacts from the great civilizations of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Most of the artifacts date back to the Ptolemaic period stretching from 323 to 30 B.C. The museum creates a feeling of discovery by letting visitors make their way down a dark, narrow passage to the small burial chamber where an adult mummy and child mummy lie. The tomb chamber is recreated like those of ancient Egypt, complete with household articles for the deceased in the afterlife.

Another time period can be explored through the museum's 19th century country store and old Acadian house. The store and the house are both furnished and detailed to appear exactly as they did years ago. The store is

complete with antique hardware, clothing, medicine bottles and mail. The Acadian cottage is furnished with a handmade trundle bed using rope for springs and moss in the mattress.

Train lovers will adore the LASC Museum's two famous train exhibits. The first is a train city scaled down to represent three square miles of a small community served by the railroad. The detail stands out, using small touches that bring the model to life. A highway accident with an overturned car and ambulance, a wedding party at a church, and a cemetery with a freshly-dug plot all make the town seem real. Trains cross all over the town, bringing people and cargo to their destinations.

The other exhibit includes five renovated train cars parked just outside the museum, with a steam engine, mail

L A S C

Louisiana Arts and Science Center

car, day coach, dining car and a private office car. Visitors are allowed to walk through the train on a guided tour.

The museum has just opened a new video theater where visitors will be allowed to travel distant outer space, ride around the Earth in a space shuttle, and explore planets with the robotic Voyagers. The entire system is comprised of two upscale state of the art parts: a video projector and a huge sound system. The image created by the projector is 15 feet diagonally - as large as in movie theater screens. The image is clear enough to take pictures directly from it, thanks to its near-high definition capability. The sound system consists of a 600 watt, six channel, eight speaker, two subwoofer surround sound setup. It allows you to not only hear the shuttle launch - but feel it as well.

The museum has additional events coming this spring and summer from art shows to competitions. Museum hours are from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday and from 1 to 4 p.m. Sunday.

Admission is \$1.50 for adults and .75 for university students. All admission for 10 a.m. to 12 noon is free.



What is the **BIG BUDDY** Program

story by paula dale

"Ain't we going to the park?" Mona's friend asked.

Mona proudly replied, "It's not 'ain't.' It's 'aren't' we going to the park. Gay told me that."

Mona is nine years old. Gay McFarland, volunteer coordinator of the Big Buddy Program in Baton Rouge, is Mona's big buddy.

"It's moments like Mona using something I've taught her

that makes everything so worth while," says Gay, who has been Mona's big buddy for two years. "It's not just Mona who gets something out of this. It's me, too."

As a non-profit organization for children in East Baton Rouge Parish, the Big Buddy program gives children constructive learning experiences and positive role models, says pro-

gram director Jim Geiser.

The program stresses good community feelings and unity, Geiser says. It brings together children and big buddies from all cultures and backgrounds as friends, regardless of race or financial status.

The program requires a big buddy to spend two to three hours a week with a child for a year. Once a big buddy is matched with a little buddy, they both sign a written contract saying they will be each other's "special friend" for at least a year.

They can play games, go on outings, or share in a common interest like bike riding or reading.

A few weeks ago I met my little buddy, Denese, for the first time. She's a talkative, well-mannered, nine-year-old little lady.

I went to her house to meet her family, exchange telephone numbers and sign our contract of friendship. I wasn't sure how Denese would respond. I was just hoping she'd like me.

When the front door



store with me ... with the wig on. I said OK, but only if she acted normally.

Well, Denese strutted into store like Madonna with an attitude, which sent me into a fit of laughter. Some old men sitting in the small deli area thought she was cute and had to comment on her pre-Halloween get-up.

Denese loved the attention. She also fussed at me for not acting natural.

"No one would have known this wasn't my real hair if you hadn't laughed so," she said.

Many of the children in the program come from a single parent family in a low socioeconomic area. They are between the ages of six and twelve. Approximately 80 percent of the children are black.

McFarland says currently there are between 70 and 80 Big Buddy/Little Buddy pairs, but there are over 3,000 kids that need and want a big buddy.

Notices describing the Big Buddy Program are distributed in schools for the kids to give to their parents. No big buddies are assigned to a child unless the parents agree. Frequently, parents will call to get a big buddy for their child.

The staff works closely with school guidance counselors and principals to determine which kids would benefit from the program most.

The majority of big buddies are LSU students like myself. Some students volunteer because they want to make a child laugh and smile. Some want to add a touch of hope to a child's life.

There are those with selfish motives too. They want to bring happiness and fulfillment in their own lives. The kids can do this.

I'm no saint. My motives were selfish as well as wanting to help Denese. I hoped to get some joy out of this relationship. After only three weeks, this is happen-

opened, I got more than I expected. Denese was like a child on Christmas morning seeing her toys for the first time. She immediately gave me a huge hug as if to thank me for coming.

The hard part was over.

It does not take a lot of money to be a big buddy. To the kids, the important thing is the time they spend with their big buddies, whether they're sitting in the library or riding rides at Fun Fair Park.

However, I did make one purchase for Denese that was definitely worth the \$12. I bought her a black wig to wear to our Big Buddy/Little Buddy Halloween party. The wig was long and straight and hung to her waist.

As soon as we walked out of the costume shop Denese had to put the wig on. So I was riding down Nicholson Drive with a child who looked like a cross between Janet Jackson and Milli Vanilli.

I stopped at a convenience store on Perkins Road before our study session together. Denese begged to go into the



***"Imagine what one year
as a big buddie is going
to mean to a child"***

***"It's just a small bit of
your time to show you
care"***



ing too.

Our first venture together was a trip to the library. I picked Denese up from school, still hoping we'd hit it off.

When Denese saw my black sporty car, she exclaimed "This is live!" When I turned on the radio, she realized I like MC Hammer songs, too, and not just what she calls "white people's music."

It was then I knew things were going to be all right.

Recent LSU graduate Becky Lowicki has been a big buddy to 8-year-old Kenyetta for two years.

The pair like going to the Baton Rouge Beach to feed the ducks, but the thing that excites Kenyetta the most is to go to Baskin-Robbins. Going out for ice cream is her treat on special occasions like doing well on her report card or helping Becky with some chores.

"You can show the kids a whole world of opportunities and

show them they can go and do all kinds of things," Becky says.

"It's just a small bit of your time to show you care. Their family cares, but it's just for them to know there's also someone else."

The current Big Buddy Program in Baton Rouge was started in 1979 by two campus ministers at LSU who saw a need for some kind of social justice programs.

Until 1982, funds to administer the program came from the Mayor-President's Council on Youth Opportunity and Baton Rouge Association for Community Action.

In 1982, Capital Area United Way began providing funds. Today the program is funded by United Way, MPCYO and private contributions.

In addition to the Big Buddy/Little Buddy relationships, there are 16 other programs that serve the youth. They range from tutoring, sports activities, making crafts and camping to Sunday school trips.

To become a big buddy one must attend a two-part workshop, be interviewed and participate in three of the Big Buddy sponsored group activities.

I tutored a second grade boy named Derrick as part of my training as a big buddy. One day, we were sitting on the gym floor, reviewing Derrick's spelling words when he smiled and asked "Who's big buddy are you gonna be?"

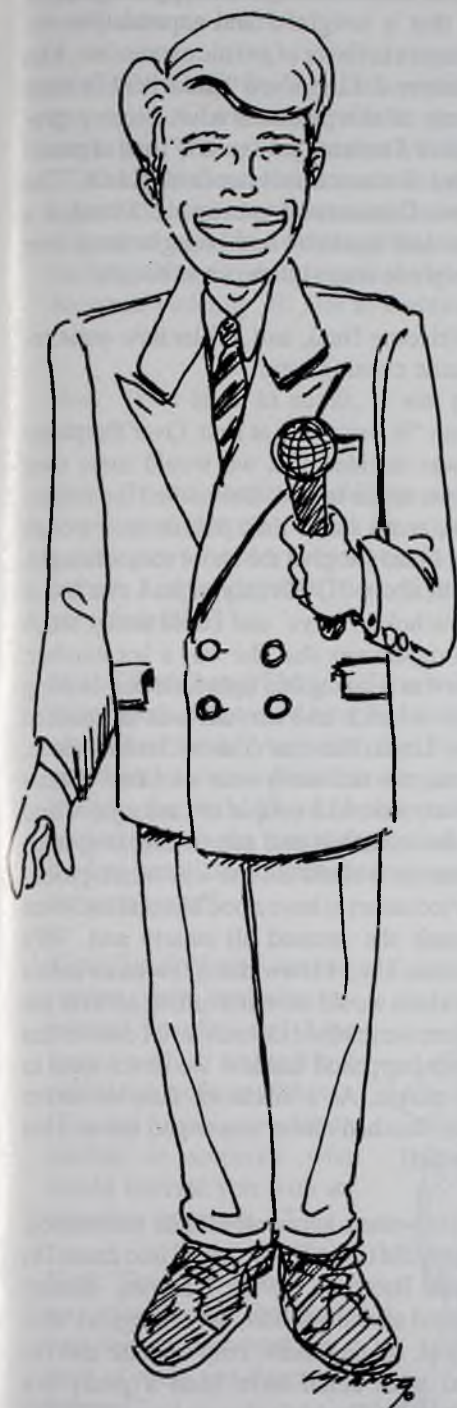
A few weeks after I finished my training, a lady from the school told me Derrick said he missed me.

I was only with him for three days. Imagine what one year as a big buddy is going to mean to children like Derrick.

The Love Connection

the lost pilot episode

story by garilyn ourso



Host: "Welcome audience and at-home viewers! I'm Chuck Woolery, your host and this is the game show that proves that old adage, "All's fair in love and war!" Welcome to the first appearance of "The Love Connection"! For you unfamiliar with our format, here's what you can expect for this evening's entertainment. We invite several unusual individuals to our program and scan them for originality. We then give them a downright pathetic panel to select from, filled with bizarre, unappealing, or extensively neurotic persons with whom our guest

should have absolutely nothing in common. Once the noncompatibles have paired up, we whip them off to some affordable, semi-luxurious love nest and await sheer atomic bliss. What usually erupts, with any luck, is sheer atomic hellfire which, in turn, sends our ratings soaring through the roof! You see, by contract, our lucky couple is obligated to return to our program and rehash all the dirt and slime of their memorable evening for your viewing entertainment! I will play the role of commentator, egging each participant on by slyly prodding and prying to bring their private encounters to you, the inquiring audience with a right to know! Occasionally we introduce a couple of love nest bunnies, just to renew our viewer's faith in the fact that these are not actors, and this show is totally spontaneous. So, without further delay, we introduce to you our first contestant ..."

Host

"Meet Warren. His interests are simple and his idea of entertainment doesn't necessarily involve mental stimulation! He's a wayward 34-year-old bachelor who lives with his mother and has carved a profession out of selling grass clippings to carnival petting zoos. Tell us, Warren, what brings you to "The Love Connection?"

Warren: "I wanna girlfriend."

Host: "Well, what type of girl warms the cockles of your heart?"

Warren: "One like that Club MTV dancer with the long blonde hair and studded brazeer."

Host: "What attributes do you look for most in women?"

Warren: "Miniskirts. She's gotta wear miniskirts. Even to church."

Host: "That sounds like some kind of babe you've got in mind, Warren. Tell me, when was the last time you wined and dined a fair creature of the opposite sex?"

Warren: "Well, the last time I saw a fair creature was at the carnival last fall when I went 'round back to deliver grass clippings and wandered into the freak show tent by mistake. There was this big green slimy thing with eleven eyes and six legs. It looked like an infected sore does when you pick the scab off every four hours. I tapped on the glass a few times just to see if it would move. But I swear I didn't make it whine. Honest."

Host: "Warren, tell me, when was the last time you went out with a woman?"

Warren (Silence) (Expressing a moment of wavering perplexion)

Host: "How about... do you know any real, live women or have any even spoken directly to you while looking you square in the face without expressing repulsion, your mother excluded?"

Warren (Silence) (A moment of absolute pondering, to no avail)

Host: "I figured as much. Now - let's introduce Warren to our carefully selected panel of ideal candidates and see just which one is capable of making that Lovvvvvve Connection!"

"Meet June, a 32-year-old ex-cue card holder who is in the process of turning her life around."

June: "I'm June. I'm depressed. Leave me alone. Don't call me. No, I don't want to go anywhere. No, I don't want you to come over. I just want to sit home. In the dark. Alone. Sit home in my soup stained nightgown with my matted hair, waiting for death by boredom. Go away. And get that camera out of my face."

Host: "Now meet Stephanie, a 20-year-old snowball enthusiast who hoped to one day own a pet."

Stephanie: "I'm Stephanie. My name used to be Maude, but when I was first learning to walk, my parents got a kick out of putting



tape on the bottom of my feet and watching me walk around with my legs in a spasm, trying to shake it off. My mom used to roll on the ground in tears and laughingly comment, 'My doesn't she step funny?!!!' So the name kinda stuck. I don't have a job unless you count the change I collect at the mall fountain. On good days I can gather about \$2.78. This is not my real hair."

Host: "Our last panel choice is Roxanne. She is a self-employed entertainer from the Bronx and enjoys many activities."

Roxanne: "Call me Rox. Call me now. 555-DO-ME. You won't regret it. Money back if you're not completely satisfied."

Host: "Well now, Warren. Let's see who our studio audience believes would be the best date selection for you!"

Audience Mass: "Three!" "3" "Pick 3, you fool!" "Three or die!" "T-H-R-E-E!!" "Are you blind? Three!!"

Host: "Well, Warren, in your own words,

who was the lucky lady?"

Warren: "I picked Stephanie. Had to. You told me if ..."

Host: "Well, now! Let's get right to Stephanie and see just how that little date went!!"

Stephanie: "Warren was a real sweetie! First he took me to an ECOL station for rotisserie hot dogs and of course, nachos. Afterwards we went back to his house, watched 'Superfriends' and brushed his dog's teeth. It was a dream date!"

Host: "Was she your ideal woman, Warren?"

Warren: "Almost. She wasn't wearing a miniskirt but she said it was O.K. if I clipped off about eight inches of her dress with my branch trimming sheers. I didn't do too good of a job but she said that was O.K., the blood should wash out."

Host: "How was meeting his mom?"

Stephanie: "His mom was swell! She helped me bandage my gashes and even taught me how to properly prepare gold fish in lemon sauce just the way Warren like it, with the heads still on."

Host: "Warren, how did you know she was your ideal?"

Warren: "She was very, very nice to me and didn't flinch once when I sat next to her. We both wear sunglasses and like our milk uncured. She's so neat, she even wears Old Spice, too! I can't wait till she remembers my name for good."

Host: "So, Stephanie, do you think that Warren is your Love Connection?"

Stephanie: "Oh certainly! No one can woo me like Walter!"

Host: "Thank you two love buzzards for joining us this evening. And for being such honest participants, 'The Love Connection' is awarding you two with these lovely departing gifts; a flyswatter and a sample tube of raspberry toothpaste. Enjoy!"

"Now to our next participant.

"Neal is a 26-year-old underachiever who loves sports and only wants to do his time on the grad student circuit long enough to enter adulthood with a six figure salary. He likes

curvy babes who can balance a checkbook and make a decent potato salad. During auditions we introduced Neal to Kim, a psychology major who craves to change the world with her insight and appreciation for all that is insightful and appreciative. Although a believer of artistic expression, Kim believes 2 Live Crew could benefit from many of this nation's adult literacy programs. She is not particularly fond of potato salad. Because this is our first episode, 'The Love Connection' previously arranged a date last weekend and brought them here tonight to recap all the vivid details!

"Welcome Neal, and tell us how your romantic evening went!"

Neal: "It was great, at first. Over the phone it was decided that we would meet over dinner and a movie. She picked the restaurant, some suave little health food trough and I said I'd give the show some thought. Well, about 7:30 Friday night I met her at 'Artichoke Andys' and could pretty much tell right away that she was a hot number. She was wearing this tight little purple thing with no back and her hair was all quaffed out, kinda like that Yahoo Serious dude. Yeah, she definitely was a looker. We sat down, ordered a couple of carrot juice and vodka cocktails and stared checking each other out. I could tell she was smart, probably too smart to have a bod like that and even though she seemed all smarty and '90's woman-like, I knew that a few more carrot cocktails would have her falling all over me before we reached the movie. Of course that never happened because we never went to the movie. As a matter of fact, we never even finished dinner cause you know what she did?

"You wanna know what that snot-nosed, uppity did to me?! She turned into damn Dr. Joyce Brothers on me!! During dinner! Started all this pseudo, psychological, analytical, fiddle faddle, crap-ola talk and ruined what could have been a pretty hot evening!!! Couldn't shut up long enough to feed herself, even!"

Kim: "Excuse me, Chuck, may I interrupt at this point? First off, the reason we never made the movie was because I had no idea that the best cinematic decision he could come up with was 'The Jetsons.'"

Neal: "Whoa a minute! Lighten up! What's wrong with wanting to see a cartoon that I happened to follow and enjoy all of my life?!"

Kim: "Nothing, if you still need to regress back to your unfulfilled childhood."

Neal: "See!? You see that, Chuck?!! She's doing it again! That's the kind of talk that really rubs me raw!"

Kim: "Oh really? Perhaps the world would like to know what really 'rubs me raw' about you! Want to know what Mr. STUD STALLION does when he wants to impress a date? He shows her how multi-talented he is by sneezing a shrimp through his nose and leaving it there to dangle until the waitress becomes violently ill! Not to mention the fellow diners!!"

Neal: "You have to admit, it was pretty funny!"

Kim: "It was uncouthly childish and just shows your desperate need for attention-getting ploys in order to feed your low self-esteem. And incidentally, I never found you very desirable."

Neal: "Yeah, honey? Maybe if you had kept your mouth shut, you'd have had a night to remember! But no, you had to play 'Freud's-grandmother- has-a-freak-out-session!' To tell you the truth, Chuck, I was really attracted to June, the manic-depressive from the last panel. She'd know how to appreciate a real man!"

Kim: "Look Neal, I can recognize your sexually repressed hostility and I no longer wish to engage in a primal battle of wits with you. If in the future you wish to confide in someone who would tolerate you with an objective approach ..."

Neal: "Forget it! You're history, sweetheart! Climb back into that experimental egg-shell of yours and disappear forever!"

Kim: "Fine! goodriddance!"

Neal: "Fine!"

Kim: "Oh, Neal, honey, I almost forgot - could you please pick up the kids tomorrow after school? I have an appointment at the dentist. If it's any problem, I could get Barbara ..."

Neal: "No, not at all, sweetheart. It would be my pleasure. I'll even cook dinner. Don't forget, your parents are coming over at eight for Biblical Trivia Pursuit."

Host: "What's the ... What in the crap are you two talking about?!"

Neal: "My wife and I were just making plans for tomorrow."

Host: "Surely you two aren't married?!!"

Kim: "Oh yes. We're also into role playing. It does wonders for our sex life. This past week we've been playing 'The uptight psych major meets the insensitive clod.' It lets us air our hostilities while keeping the creativity brewing. I must admit, this was one of our better encounters!"

Host

"Well, I don't appreciate you using our program like this and I'm sure this won't fly with the show's producers, either. I'm afraid we'll have to cut your segment. Of course, you'll have to forfeit all of your wonderful departing gifts ..."

Neal: "Like hell I will!"

Host: "Listen, you have committed public fraud with the intent to deceive! We have

lawyers that can deal with you!"

Neal: "Yeah, right now I want to deal with you! How about, I want to play a new role now - 'Irate Nazi Activist meets Geraldo' and kicks in his cranium?!!!"

Host: "Sir, I'm afraid your attempt to deceive the public ..."

Neal: "Me? Deceive the public?! Ha! Tell me, Chuckie boy, what's this crap about 'The Luv Connection,' like its some kinda sicko benign godsend for all the losers of this world?!! I'll bet you're a loser yourself, CHARLES! I bet you hit on all the female contestants, give them your phone number, then feel like some tight buns gigolo when they call, thinking they want you and not your decrepit paycheck, you nosey nobody!! Tell me, was it a toss up between this job and promotion manager for 'Big Bones Women of Wrestling?' Oh! And yes, who writes your cornball dialogue, the 'Funniest Home Videos' crew? Where's your velvet sequined leisure suit, you cheezewhiz, weenie brained ..."

Due to technical difficulty, "The Love Connection" will no longer be broadcast. In its place, we will bring you the following documentary: "Swell people in the Liver Pate Business."



What Your Parents Never

story by pat kelly

"When I was your age we didn't do that sort of thing"

All of us have heard at some time or another "When I was your age we didn't do that sort of thing." But did they mention what they did do?

I had originally intended to write this article as a historical account of student life at LSU; but after some interesting research, I've changed my writing perspective. With the eras still in mind - mid-forties to mid-seventies - I've decided to focus on traditions and activities, but even better - legends.

Most people would think that the eras change with the decades; but as history clearly shows us, especially around this campus, new ideas emerged during the middle of the decades. For this reason I'll begin with the era of the late forties-early fifties.

Like our Student Union today, the Field House then represented our campus melting pot - a place to hang out, meet friends, and converse. The Field House was the center for recreational activities, including the headquarters for both the YWCA and YMCA. In fact, at that time it housed the world's largest swimming pool, which was a refreshing end to a long day of un-air-conditioned classes. After the study period, one might wander over to Tiger Town for a bit to eat at Louie's Dutch Mill and then out to the Cotton Club, or for beer and pizza to the Pastime.

The Gumbo Ball was the highlight of the fall dances followed by a series of formals sponsored by the various military societies and the Panhellenic Council. For less formal events, the churches played a major role in social activities,



photos by wayne "gonzo" schexnayder

sponsoring several dinners, picnics, and "Swing Inns" - casual dances. Also popular were the "Ag Fair Jamboree" and the various hayrides in the fall. But, as always, the football games were very popular, creating a wave of school spirit year after year.

To ease tensions around exam times, some students resorted to pranks. Like the time someone put the greased pig in the day room of Evangeline Hall sending the staff and several co-eds on a merry chase.

If that didn't make the administration squeal, "Stormy's Splash" created quite a wake when a student decided to have the Bourbon Street stripper help him campaign for student body president. Needless to say he was forced to call off the campaign and forfeit the race; however, Stormy wanted to pay a visit anyway, and did she!! She and the band loaded up a Studebaker, and she performed her routine outside the Field House, tantalizing and teasing the guys with her zipper trick - an act which revealed less than women's street wear today. But, to young men then, it was enough; during her second act a group of gentlemen decided she was too hot. Attempting to cool her off, on the count of three, she was swung into the Field House lake. No one



Told You...Or Did They?



was hurt, although the crowd did manage to demolish the platform. Stormy was then rescued by Campus Security, who had her flown out on the next flight to New Orleans. This became LSU's first riot.

The mid-fifties to the early sixties were a lot like the "Happy Days" era. Hopper's was the local drive inn, and for entertainment there was the Varsity Theater. The Freshman Mixer was new among the social dances. A glance around the mixer would reveal several bald-headed men because the hazing of freshmen was really popular then. Tradition had it that all freshmen were marked by the shaving of their heads. The Field House was still the campus hangout while provisions for the new student union were underway.

As in the past, students still performed outlandish acts. Because sexual activity was seriously frowned upon by society's standards, men settled for the excitement of panty raids throughout the girls' dorms. One incident in particular created a near riot at East Hall as six hundred men anxiously awaited a shot at some "silkies," although only one pair was contributed.



"The Gumbo Ball was the highlight of the fall dances"



"From the late sixties to the early Seventies, students took a different approach to life"

Unfortunately, other incidents were carried to extreme, especially around the Ole Miss game. For three years running, riots broke out as game time approached - injuring several people, damaging property by brick throwing, and igniting dumpsters. Police responded with tear gas to disperse the drunken mob.

Beer drinking was also a popular sport among men. In fact the fraternities often held contests, their objective - to see who could drink the most. In '61, it was the contest at the Bengal between the Kappa Sigs and the SAEs that brought LSU a little unwanted national notoriety. It seems the two fraternities decided to settle, once and for all, who the true beer champs were. Because of the large turnout at the Bengal, angry Tiger Town store owners called the police to clear up the parking problem. The police arrived, tailed by a writer from the State-Times. The crowd left and the cases were tallied - 567 cases to be exact. The writer, by the way, covered the event in the Sunday paper and by Monday night the wire service had picked it up, using the story in the closing statement of Walter Cronkite's Evening News. Parents across the state swamped the LSU switchboards with irate calls; the fraternities were put on probation, and thus the legend was created.



From the late Sixties to the early Seventies, students took a different approach to life; the movement towards liberalism grew steadily. Skirts got shorter, hair grew longer and people were "tuning" into themselves and "turning on" to each other. The sexual revolution was beginning as regulations were loosening on conduct and dress codes. It was a move toward naturalism. Incense and oil scents permeated the air, not to mention other illegal aromas around the Parade Grounds. In addition to the Tiger Town bars, like Maggoo's, a student might slip on a pair of bell bottom jeans and a fringed leather vest, climb into a VW microbus and cruise down River Road listening to Beaker Street Theater, a broadcast out of Little Rock, Arkansas, featuring old-time mystery and horror. The new Union was opened and Free Speech Alley was born, but somehow things still hadn't really changed.

It must have been an unwritten requirement, but somehow or other each generation managed to shock the administration. An April 1st story in the 1965 Reveille told about the "Tower Toting Students" who allegedly topped the Union building with the Bell Tower using a tube of epoxy glue. However, the "tall tale" is classically funny and the photo shows a leaning Bell Tower on the roof of the Union building.

Exam times inspired peculiar behaviors. Perhaps the best of these examples was the Campus Mud Bath of 1969. Drainage on the Parade Ground was poor and after a heavy rainfall, a massive puddle formed. Then it happened - one guy kicked off his shoes and darted off into the water. He slid for about twenty feet. It looked like so much fun, a couple more joined in and then within the next few minutes there were a hundred or more slosh-





ing and wallowing in a "Hog's Heaven." As passersby stopped to watch the proceedings they were pulled into the muddy mob. Shortly, campus security arrived on the scene and they too were pulled into the horde. No one was immune to the fever. After City Police arrived, the Parade Ground was cleared and everyone had a "hog of a time."

On the lighter side, the term that students were "barely there" took on a new meaning in the Seventies as streaking hit the campus. The fad started with a few isolated incidents and progressed into a mass exhibition, as more began shedding their clothes and sprinting through the Quad, the library, the Parade Ground, and the Union building. At each place, the naked pranksters gathered more troops who also bared their bodies, leaving nothing on but a few smiles. There were a few arrests as the police rolled in the paddy wagons, but for the most part no harm was done.

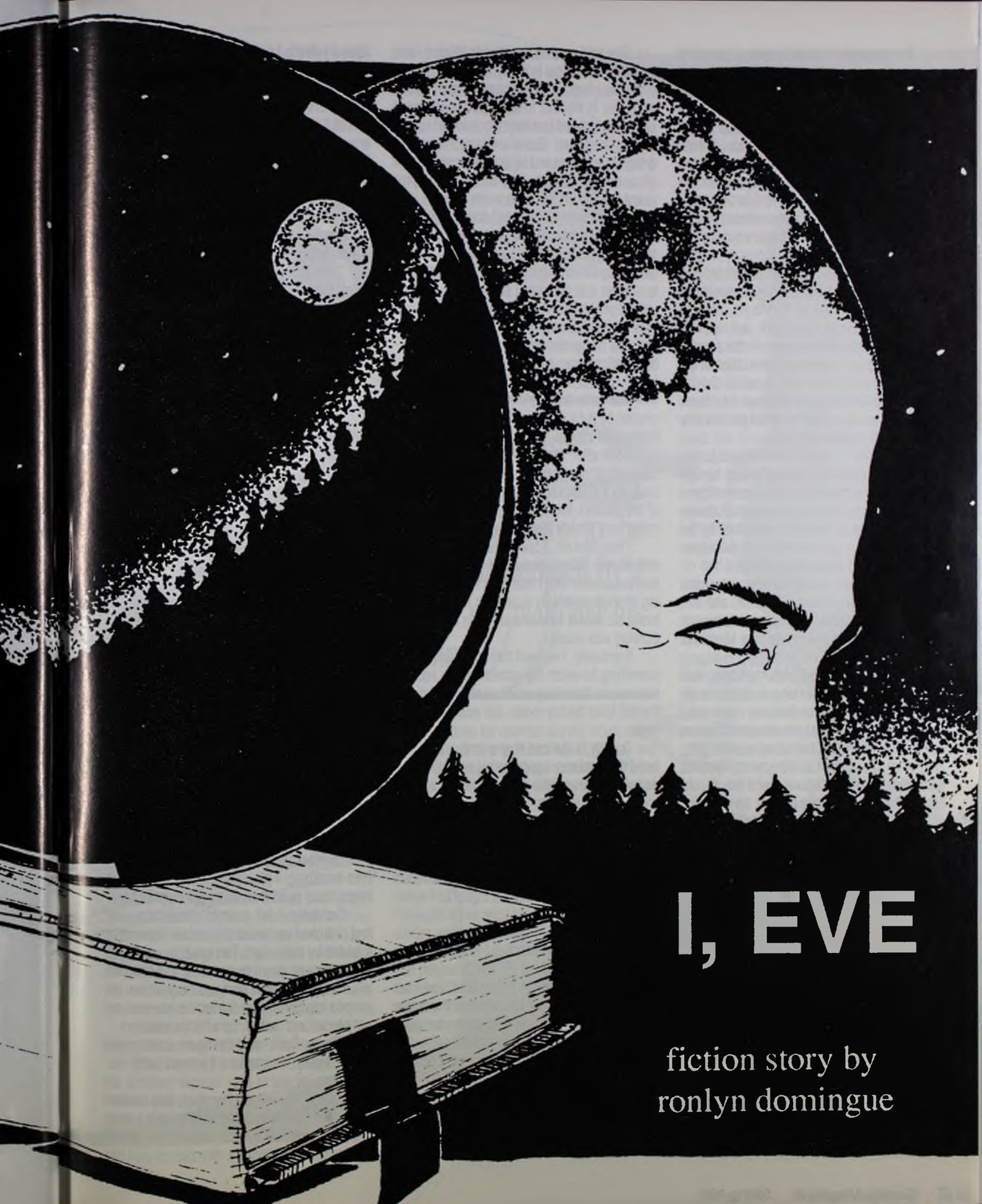


"The term that students were 'barely there' took on a new meaning in the Seventies"

My personal favorite of all time was the prank done to bring attention to the pollution problem in the campus lakes. A twenty- two foot fish skeleton appeared to have washed on shore across from the Fraternity Row. The bones had been delicately placed and looked quite authentic until experts revealed their composition - plaster. After giving everyone a stir, it made people realize that something really did need to be done about the lakes. Everyone got a laugh.

As these stories show, the pranks and pastimes dreamt up by our parents are far more creatively outlandish than most of them are willing to admit. So when you hear that old cliché, "When I was younger, we didn't do that sort of thing," ask them, "Yeah, but did you ...?" By the way, see if you can find out - who sowed the marijuana seeds around the campus police headquarters?





I, EVE

fiction story by
ronlyn domingue

The kingdom I lived in was a beautiful landscape of undulating hills and woods thick with oaks. I watched the forest animals peek from their green, gnarled home to munch on the dewy lawn and stare at the gray towers of the castle. Far away, I could see the specks of huts puffing out smoke from their chimneys, and the land changed colors each season when the peasants rotated their crops. And farther away than I could see lived the scarlet-breasted dragon who was the object of every princely quest since anyone could remember.

As a child, I was consistently well-fed and well-loved. Mother told me fantasy stories about lovely princesses, love at first sight, and the rewards of goodness, obedience, and respectfulness. But while Mother was with the servant preparing supper, Father whispered tales of the scarlet-breasted dragon and magical quests, stories which thrilled and frightened me. I think Father wanted a son, but I never felt devalued by my parents because I was not.

I grew up in the company of the royal family because my father was the king's most trusted advisor. It was a friendship which spanned generations since my father's ancestors had always advised the kings of Nede. I was tolerated by the queen who had a rigid view of what should be, and often wasn't in my case. Since I had no brothers or sisters, I spent my time away from Mother with Doria, Ursula, Madeline, and Ian, the royal children. The girls were born two years apart, and Ian came three years after Madeline, a fortnight after me.

Very early, I learned that my family was different. I never saw the king or queen touch their children. Rules for behavior were very explicit, and the children were expected to follow them. Generally, I didn't get along with the girls. They were spoiled by too many pretty slippers and dresses, low expectations of who they should be, and high expectations of what they were.

But Ian was my special ally. Age bound us first. As we grew older, we realized that we had to stick together in a house full of rules and power struggles. We had to be friends, because we were all the other had.

He and I had our secrets, as children will. When we could escape the watchful eyes of parents, siblings, and servants, we went into the woods to our haven to escape being Miss Eve and Prince Ian, tell stories, watch the animals, make mud soup. . . The woods were the only safe place in the world, especially since there was no Doria and the scarlet-breasted dragon was too big to squeeze through the trees.

Doria once saw us go into the woods but could never find us. Secrets were something she hated to be kept from, and she was intent on assuring we'd never return there because she could never be included in our secret.

She told us that the Woods Wizard, who had been a shadow in every child's nightmare since time began, was an ancient man whose single joy in life was to eat children who went into his forest and use their blood to put curses on the kingdom. Doria explained that our droughts and wars and other catastrophes were all caused by naughty little children who provoked the Woods Wizard's wrath.

And the scarlet-breasted dragon! She horrified Ian with tales of how the dragon blew jets of fire from his nostrils hotter than the sun itself, had ebony claws which were kept sharp enough to stab an ant, and could hear a prince's footsteps coming near him a whole day before the prince arrived. Doria graciously emphasized that one day he would have to face this scarlet-breasted monster before he could come home from his quest and marry his bride.

But calm follows all storms, even ones created by Ian's sister, and things were back to the normal course. Until one day...

Soon after Ian and I had turned seven, a stern, stout man entered the toy room daily and dragged a protesting Ian out by the ear into one of the castle's four libraries. The royal family called him "Prince Ian's tutor."

From then on, I spent much time alone or with Mother. When I was in the castle, I couldn't help but wonder why I heard Ian's voice sputtering strange sentences in another language and heard his sisters forever quarreling over whose drawing was nicest.

Eventually, I realized that Ian was learning something to which his sisters had no access: what was in those large books in the room down the hall from the toy room. Ian was learning to read.

Quickly, I realized that women never entered those rooms. I approached my father one day when he was in the library in the toy room's wing. I pestered him until he answered my question: what was the secret of the libraries?

"Eve," he said, sitting down and drawing me into his lap, "there is a tradition we hold which does not allow women to know such things."

"Why?"

"Because it is a tradition."

"It's a stupid tradition," I responded angrily. It wasn't fair.

Father was quiet for a long time, and I sat watching the fire spark and wave in the drafts coming through imperceptible cracks between the great stones in the castle walls.

"You are the first and last for us, Eve. The Birthing Woman said that you would be our only child, for your mother was lucky to have you and live after the other four babes who fell from her womb before you. Had you been a boy, you would have studied with me and taken my place

after my death. I am the end of a tradition, my daughter. It saddens me to see my own history fade into memory because I have no son and to see my bright, beautiful girl have no future for herself." He paused, stroking my hair from my face. "Perhaps it is time to start a new tradition." Father picked me up and placed me on the floor gently.

"I will teach you all I know, Eve, but you must promise me one thing."

Confused and surprised, I inquired, "What is that, Father?"

"You must never tell anyone what we're doing. I shall tell your mother, who will probably agree, but no one else should ever know."

"But why?"

"Because no one would understand."

"I can't even tell Ian?" I cried, quite unused to such secrets and even more dismayed that I could not share this one.

"Not even Ian."

I was silent. Father lifted my chin up to him. "The Birthing Woman also said that you would become a very special woman. I think she was right." He smiled at me.

I tried to smile, too, but I was angry. I was furious that I'd been born female, a reality beyond my control, and I had no way to change it. Why couldn't I be taught? Would my brains flow through my ears? I almost asked Father who started this tradition, but I suspected not even he knew. Father turned to his books again. Feeling a knot rise into my throat, I knew I should get to my shady hiding place in the woods before I began to cry.

Propelled by a strange fury, I ran across the lawn, not caring who saw me tripping over my long skirts. I stumbled over the fallen limbs and stones in my path. I heard the animals scurrying away, frightened by my stomping. When I reached my haven, the sun was sliding through the leaves and making dim pools of light in the trampled weeds.

I sniffed loudly, recalling that ladies don't sniff, another thing we cannot do, and felt my eyes brimming. I placed my arm over my bent knees, head upon that, and wept inconsolably.

Suddenly, I felt a slight pressure on my foot. I looked up to see this robed figure surrounded by milky light. Too upset to react with fear, I glanced down to see what had touched me. It was a squirrel, staring quizzically at me. He jumped into my lap and dabbed his paws on my wet cheeks and tickled me with his whiskers.

"Come, Cyril," said the figure, holding out a large hand to the creature. It jumped deftly into the palm.

I stood up, wiping my eyes, and backed away. The figure was now a man with a long beard, dressed in a layered robe so sheer that it gleamed in the sunlight.

His robe reflects so much light that it shall blind you if you dare look upon it! I heard Doria warn, a flashback of the horror stories she loved to tell.

The Woods Wizard, I registered. But this person did not frighten me, nor did I see a snarling mouth stained with the blood of curious children who dared sneak about his woods.

"Eve," he said, "what troubles you, child?"

"How do you know my name?" I demanded.

He smiled slightly. "I attended your birth. And after all, I am the Woods Wizard, who knows the future and past."

Now I was certain who he was, but I chose to respond, "No one but the old Birthing Woman and my mother were at my birth. No one but the Birthing Woman and the mother is at any birth," I replied, quite certain I was correct that no man ever entered a room where a woman was going through pains.

"Hmmm," the Woods Wizard said. "That is true. Would you like to see a trick?"

I did not answer, and suddenly remembered I had come here to be alone, not amused by a queer old man and his squirrel.

His robes began to flutter gracefully, covering his entire body from my sight. A moment later, the breeze settled, and before me was a woman. She was very old, but the lines in her face accentuated a beauty that escaped age.

My heart shook with surprise. "Of all the stories I've been told, not one said the Woods Wizard could change form!"

"I am more often portrayed as legend than as truth, Eve. Usually, I am whatever I am needed to be. And because you can understand this form, I am the Birthing Woman, who I am most of the time," the person answered.

"I know why you are here, Eve. I want to tell you two things. The first is that you learn all that you can from your father. He is a good man with intentions to protect you by keeping this secret for now. Secondly, I want you to know that it is not the shape which matters, it is what glows within the shape. Do you understand?"

"No," I said, bewildered.

The Birthing Woman smiled soothingly. "You will, dear. For now, remember to trust those who love you and those you love. And just so you do not forget what you have been told, I am setting Cyril out to watch over you. He will be my messenger, and even when you think he is not near, he is. And we shall meet again."

I suddenly felt much better. Cyril turned his pointy, auburn head at me and chattered loudly.

"Yes, her eyes are beautiful, aren't they?" the Birthing Woman said to the squirrel. She looked squarely at me for a moment, turned, and walked back into the deepest heart of the woods.

A month later, having learned my letters and how to read with a good bit of comprehen-

sion in my language, I realized, to my amusement, that the first letters of Ian's sisters' names spelled "DUM." I found it quite fitting, even if it wasn't spelled correctly.

Years passed, and the ache I had to share my secret became an unusual feeling of power. Mother enjoyed the nightly meetings around the fire that Father and I had, and she listened to my lessons with one ear turned in our direction whenever she was near. Father used his books, which had been in the family for well over two centuries, first. It was a diverse collection of languages, figures, sketches of far-away places, and history. When we exhausted that library, he borrowed books from the castle library, which would take me years to go through.

Knowledge was enlightening and empowering in a world wrapped in selected truths, but

I did not answer, and suddenly remembered I had come here to be alone, not amused by a queer old man and his squirrel

I was prepared for another world I would never face, one full of arguments about history and policy, without pierced fingers and steamy faces and burgeoning bellies, a place where Father and Ian lived- and I could not.

Periodically during this time, I'd go to the woods alone and the Birthing Woman, cloaked in flowing robes and delicate light, would meet me in the haven. She always asked me what Father had taught me since we last met and what I thought about what I had learned. She told me stories about her life, that she was too old to remember when and how she got her powers, that people feared her because they feared her abilities. The Birthing Woman never frightened me, even though I didn't understand her or some things she said.

After every meeting I had with the Birthing Woman, I had dreams. Ian was in all of them, and in all of them, he and I lived in the woods because the scarlet-breasted dragon had invaded the kingdom, ate everyone alive, and no prince had yet killed the beast to free us. Our daily lives varied from dream to dream, but one

thing was constant: we were happy.

I remember one dream very clearly. Ian had gone to the edge of the woods and found the crumbling bones of the dragon, his skeleton rotting upon itself as he had died, not in agony but in sleep. Ian suggested that we go into the kingdom and rebuild the world we had lost. Before we left, the Birthing Woman came to us, wished us well, and handed us two books. She gave Ian the thin one and said he now possessed every answer Man had. For me, she had a huge volume, placed it in my arms, and said I now possessed what no one wanted to know: the questions to challenge those answers.

By now, Doria was of marrying age, a month short of seventeen, and anxiously awaiting the return of her prince. She spoke to her sisters of his bravery in facing the scarlet-breasted dragon and how he promised to return with the largest prize to express how much he loved her. Ursula and Madeline were furiously jealous of all of the attention Doria was receiving, yet they absorbed her fantasies like stale bread in water, quickly and to bursting point. No one could seem to remember the prince's name but all that truly mattered was he was godly handsome.

At least the queen was too preoccupied with her daughters to pay Ian any critical mind, and we shared a common bond of general disgust about the whole situation and escaped as often as possible to the woods. It was at these times that I felt closest to Ian, when I could hear him laugh and talk to him without the suffocating formalities beyond the haven. It was at these times that I felt connected to Ian by a bond he knew nothing about: thought. We communicated, not conversed, and he often stared at me as if he knew my secret.

By the time we were fifteen, the last sister was married to yet another handsome prince. Their weddings, full of music, flowers, and good wishes, were all beautiful celebrations which saddened me. I could not be happy for the newlyweds. They were matched for what they were, not who, and for the safety of tradition. This was no union of souls and hearts, as everyone duped themselves into believing it was.

I thought of the Birthing Woman who had once told me that life was a series of cycles, beginning and ending- time after time- in the same place. Marriage became the end of a cycle, just as their golden rings symbolized, but what was the end of the one marriage created?

I wondered, head full of forbidden knowledge and the Birthing Woman's riddles, having broken my link with tradition, would I be called to bend the path I had taken into an arch to rejoin the greater cycle to which I was born but did not

belong?

Part of my reassurance was Ian, whose hand I'd hold tightly behind his back, hidden from view. The warmth of his hand reminded me that, beyond this delusive display, I could believe in my choices. I could rely on our bond, our haven, my secrets, and myself.

With no one else to torment, the queen now concerned herself with teaching Ian the fineries of prunedom. He became acutely aware that he was being trained to act just like the fools who had married his sisters. Which was all it was, of course, an act, Ian said.

A notion interrupted my thoughts often during the months of these changes. If I were to marry, what would I be left with? Often, I resented my sex and, occasionally, what I had learned. I wasn't willing to give up what I had learned and my parents had given me by marrying someone who could never know who I was. Ignorance is purgatory; my silence would be hell.

My seventeenth birthday passed, and though it was custom to marry soon after, I had no suitors, nor did I desire any. By now, Father had taught me everything he could, from French to geography. I was now left to re-reading Father's vast number of books and anything he could carry out of the castle's libraries.

As a birthday gift, Ian gave me a lovely pendant made of a crystal I had never seen before. He told me that Cyril had dropped it in his hand one day when he was alone in our haven. It was the same color as my eyes. When held up to the sun, light splintered inside of it and emanated a soft, ethereal glow. Ian said only stars and my eyes reflected light in such a way, and because he couldn't give me a star, he saw it fitting to give the closest thing to one. I blushed when he said that, for Ian rarely expressed himself so sweetly.

Ian's birthday was horrible, complete with the customary party attended by all of the eligible princesses and their brothers from the surrounding lands. This was supposed to be an introductory phase into manhood, for he was to choose three princesses whom his mother approved of as possible brides.

My attendance was accepted, with much protest from the queen who told me I'd better stay far from her son during the celebration. Ian's eye contact with me was constant. I watched Ian dance with twenty powdered, bejeweled, and well-trained girls, and he watched me tap under my chin, our signal to say bear it even if we can't grin.

He said he "reluctantly chose three very beautiful, moderately stupid, relatively tolerable girls." And his mother approved because they possessed these desirable, wifely qualities. "A

good wife each of them could make you, Prince Ian," the queen said. "Not an impertinent streak in any of them. This will be a difficult choice, dear."

Ian was miserable. I'll never understand why his resistance to this was so strong because he had been raised to expect this, trained to cope with it, and expected to like it. I wondered if every prince endured these thoughts or if Ian was different.

"I don't want to marry my mother or sisters," he confessed to me. "That's how they are taught, you know, all of them. I saw what my sisters were taught. How to be docile, pleasant, unthreatening. How to smile and make one's eyes twinkle. How to nibble, not eat. I don't think I could be happy with a woman who had no more part in my life than to bear my children and then train them, like we were trained. What of companionship, understanding, love?"

"But that is tradition. I cannot change it," he added, sadly. The diluted light coming through the trees made him look like a child, soft and innocent. A glint of light struck off his sword hilt, piercing my memory of a younger Ian and reminding me that he would be leaving soon, to face the scarlet-breasted dragon and himself.

It would have been the time to tell Ian my secrets. I wanted him to know what the Birthing Woman said, even though I still didn't understand what it meant: "It's not the shape, it's what glows within the shape." I wanted him to know about my meetings with the Birthing Woman, and Cyril, and my years of study with Father. I was proof that tradition could be changed. I said nothing because I did not know where our clandestine change in tradition would eventually lead me.

A week before Ian was to leave, I dreamed that he was in a strange forest of dense trees, the sunlight barely piercing through the leaves to light his way. He finally came to the edge of the woods and a path which forked in four directions into another forest.

From the new line of trees, the face of a dreadful scaly creature peeked out from behind a trunk and blew a streak of fire toward him. Ian drew his sword and stood at the point where the roads intersected. The monster lurched toward him on stubby legs, dragging its red chest and its serpentine body against the ground. They darted at each other, flame against steel, each burned or bleeding. Suddenly, I came from behind Ian, lifted my crystal to the sky, and a fracture of light reflected blindingly into the beast's eyes. Quickly, Ian sliced its belly open tip to top, and a rush of blood, bone, scrolls, and swords puddled on the ground.

Someone called my name. I turned to see the Birthing Woman, beckoning me. Ian put his

hand on my cheek, kissed me on the forehead, and told me to go. He turned his back to me and waded in the muck, lifting the contents of the beast from the steaming gore.

I was worried about him, for he had been very evasive and quiet for a month, but after this dream, I was terrified that I'd seen a future which, without me, would have ended with Ian's death. I'd seen the scarlet-breasted dragon, a creature which had never invaded my dreams in the flesh before, and I knew Ian was marked for doom.

I begged Father for information about Ian's quest, but he said only kings knew such things. Surely, this was written somewhere, I supposed. Father shook his head, put my chin in his hand, and told me that for once in my life, I was powerless.

For once, I believed that I was. I had managed to control my life by resisting the rest of the world's expectations so far. Ian's quest was another matter. No one could stop him from going. No one could give him a clue of what to expect, save the tales he heard as a child. Some princes died and others returned insane after their quests. I feared for Ian's life, because if he died, a part of me would also perish, but I feared what I did not know even more.

Mother noticed my anxiety for I was with her often those days.

"Eve," she said to me, catching me holding the pendant between my hands and staring out of the window. "I understand how concerned you are about him. I do understand that you feel helpless right now, for you cannot stop this or change it.

"I am very proud of you, my darling. The Birthing Woman was indeed right about how special you are. And there must be some foresight in the old woman. I think you have your own challenge now, dear. Something very wonderful will come out of your strength and your knowledge, I can feel it. Believe in yourself now more than you ever have, because now it counts."

Mother hugged me and went out the back door into her herb garden. What counts now? My strength, my knowledge, my audacity, what?

I went to visit Ian at the castle and found him in the toy room, pensively staring out of the window and kneading a fistful of old papers. He told me that they were the maps to the boundaries of Kerrick, but he would have to rely on knowledge and legend to go beyond Kerrick and come home again because the maps of the other lands had been lost long ago. Somewhere, in the uncertainty of what was ahead of him, was the scarlet-breasted dragon, evil and eternity.

A thought streaked through my mind. I asked Ian if he would use those missing maps if he could find them. Laughing, he said he wasn't beyond cheating to save his own life and in-

quired, jokingly, if I knew where those maps were. I responded that I had no way of knowing such things.

That night, I lit a small torch and carefully studied the binding of every book in Father's library. My back ached terribly from crouching by the shelves. About half an hour passed, and I could not find the book. I stumbled against a stool which was below the glow of my fire, and soon Mother and Father came in to see what was happening.

They patiently listened to my story. Father agreed to help me look for the maps, and as we'd find the ones we needed, Mother placed them in order on the floor.

It was dawn before I found and matched all of the maps. Father helped me piece the outlying lands beyond Kerrick, giving Ian enough maps to span for miles in any direction. Mother had fallen asleep in the cushioned chair by the fire, and when we were done, Father drowsily kissed her, lifted her slight body from the seat, and carried her to bed. I slept headfirst in a musty book. It was the first good night's sleep I'd had in many weeks.

The next morning, I anxiously went to see Ian and asked him to go to the woods with me.

On our way there, the maps were rustling. I was afraid that I was tearing them; I had placed them below the bosom of my dress and tied a large sash high above my waist to hold them there. It was very chilly that late morning, and I knew from the crisp silence of the wind that fall would become winter early this year. Ian would have a hard journey.

We arrived at our haven. Ian sat down on a log in the sun. I stood in front of him, beams shining soothingly on me.

"Ian, what I'm about to tell you will shock you, and you may get angry with me, but now, I don't care," I began. I turned my back to him, untied the sash which had been hurting my ribs, reached below my breasts, and clutched the maps.

"Before I turn around, I want to say something. For the past ten years, I've had a great secret. I was forbidden to tell anyone, but now the truth must come forth because if it doesn't, I may lose you. Father has taught me to read and has shared with me all of his

knowledge. Last night, I summoned memory and hope to be able to give you this now."

The papers were damp from my body and smelled dank from years of hiding. I faced him now, holding the pages out to him.

"What are they?" he asked before unfolding them. For a moment, he stared at me, bewildered.

"Open it, Ian."

He cautiously flipped each fold over, spreading out a miniature landscape. There were several maps, all marked with directions on the top and how each one fit with the others. Ian blinked at me and glanced back down to his pages.

"I don't know what to say."

"Say you'll accept them and you'll use them so you can come home. For the sake of the tradition of the quest, you are being sacrificed without challenge, and we all suffer when any such truths which are known are hidden. May this truth keep you safe, Ian." From the way his lips were pursed, I thought he was going to cry.

"Where did you get them? What is this secret you speak of?" He stood up, hands grasping the papers as if they were an animal about to escape.

I told Ian about my years of learning before a nightly fire, forbidden to whisper a word to anyone for fear of punishment (which was never clear to me or my parents). I told him about my meetings with the Birthing Woman and who Cyril was. And after my story was over, I told Ian how afraid I was that something awful would happen to him and that the scarlet-breasted

dragon would tear out his heart and feed it to the bears, just like Doria said in the toy room a thousand years ago.

A thoughtful silence embraced us, and Ian held out his hand to me. I grasped it and peered at him through a glaze of tears I refused to drop.

"Eve, you could never have given me a more precious gift. You have risked much for me, and I am indebted to you for it. I cannot say that I am not somewhat hurt that you never told me your secrets, but I suppose I understand. There's one thing that always made you different from my family, Eve—"

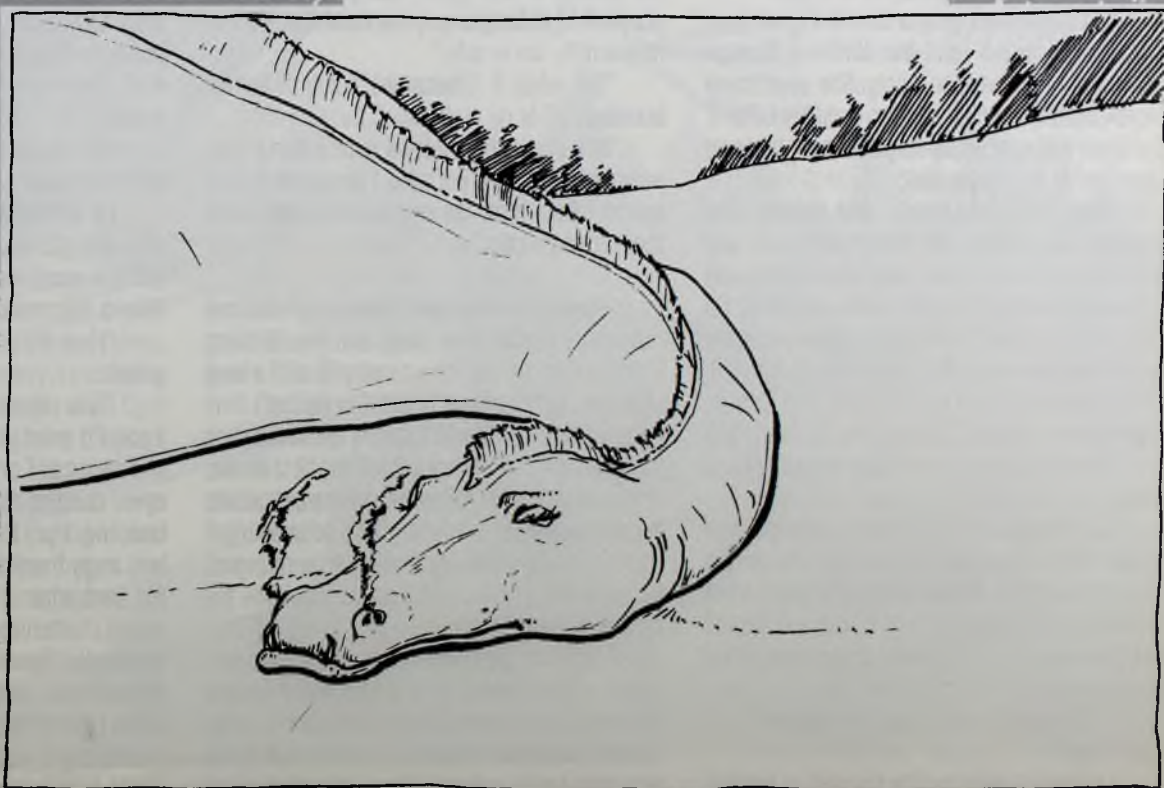
"What's that?" I asked.

"You've always loved me, just as I've always loved you, but you always cared.."

We spent several hours discussing his journey, although he wouldn't tell me the details of what he had to accomplish. It was at this time we said our farewells, each trying to be brave and hopeful for the other, while the sun's arch in the sky marked our time left together. I never told him about the dream.

The morning of Ian's departure was bitterly cold, but clear. The king gave Ian all the things he was allowed to take on the quest, his mother kissed the air by his cheek, his sisters, armed with their brats, hugged him and called him brave. Princess Beulah, his heavenly bride-to-be, was also there, blushing and docile. Cautiously, she let him kiss her hand.

Then he turned to face me. Every servant, important official- including Father- and immediate royal family member was there. We said



nothing to each other for a few moments. I made a detailed picture of Ian in my head so that I would not forget him, should he never return.

"I have them," he mouthed to me, patting his chest. "Thank you. And thank your parents."

I could say nothing. I think he understood. He reached his right hand out to me, bluish with the cold, and I drew toward him in a mutual embrace.

"Please come home," I whispered into his ear, clutching the back of his neck where his hair had grown long.

"I don't exactly want to leave. Take care of Cyril for me. You will be with me, Eve, remember that," he whispered back.

"As you with me," I responded.

That embrace and discussion lasted all of three seconds. When the queen realized what was happening, mainly that she was being embarrassed because Ian was paying more attention to me than his princess, she marched to our side and wrenched us apart.

"For sakes, Ian, she isn't your concern! Don't you remember anything I've taught you?" the queen seethed while smiling at the crowd.

Ian mounted his horse, glanced back at the crowd, and waved. He nudged the horse's side as he, my special ally, looked down at me and tapped under his chin. The ground frost crackled under the hooves.

Ian left without looking back.

I watched him gallop through the sparse line of balding trees, up the hill, and over it. Slowly, I walked to the woods, feeling angry and sad. Cyril met me at the edge of the trees. I picked him up and carried him with me.

The haven was gray with coming winter. I sniffed and pined until the Birthing Woman came and told me not to worry. She asked me if I knew what my crystal was for. I told her I didn't, but that I was sure it was magical, though I never found what its' magic was.

"Yes, it is enchanted," she replied. She smelled like roses and honeysuckle, an odd scent for such a time of year. "Ian was a very unhappy little boy, Eve, as I'm sure you know. On the days you spent with your mother, and Ian was alone, he would often come here by himself. Often he would cry. I gave Cyril to you both to watch over you and to help me. Cyril tried to comfort Ian, but he was also working on a charm."

Her remarkably smooth hand gently grasped my pendant. "Every tear Ian shed in these woods is in this crystal. Cyril dabbed the tears from Ian's face and brought them to me. I collected them in a jar and, when I knew it was time, called the elements to create this for you."

"I thought it a nice touch to make it match your eyes."

I did not understand the process or point of

this crystal, but I listened attentively. She took my hand and pressed my pendant into it. "Close your hand around it, Eve. What do you feel?"

"It's warm. I feel it spreading from my hand to the rest of my body," I replied, surprised. "It never did this before."

"That's because the channel between you wasn't open yet," she answered matter-of-factly. "When you finally told Ian your secrets, there was nothing more important to hide. You chose the right time, my dear. He never had secrets about who he is hidden from you, because you were and are the only person with whom he could share truth. Don't ever feel badly for not telling him earlier because the time wasn't appropriate."

"Truth, just as love, cannot be rushed."

She placed her hand over mine. "What you

It's warm. I feel it spreading from my hand to the rest of my body," I replied, surprised. "It never did this before"

are feeling is that glow, the glow inside the shape. And as long as you can hold that and feel its warmth, Ian is safe."

"But what if it becomes cold?" I asked, alarmed.

"We shall worry then if such a thing happens," she replied. "For now, I am sending Cyril out to follow him. Ian needs your little friend more than you do."

Several weeks passed. The crystal was cool only once during that time, and the Birthing Woman told me that he was very ill with a lung sickness, but would get better. During Ian's time away, I spent much time thinking about our lives together. He had been my brother, best friend, ally, and confidante. When he returned, he would become someone's husband and soon a king. I was beginning to realize that once he returned, the only thing that might bind us would be the crystal of his tears.

The sickness Ian had become a mild epidemic which spread into Nede. Many people became ill, and some of them died. The Birthing Woman was seen often at this time, aiding the sick with herbal potions. Once, she visited our

home to see if Mother could spare some camomile.

One day, Father came home with the news that Princess Beulah had died from the epidemic. I was quite shocked. I asked what would happen to Ian's wedding plans, and Father said that he would have to choose another bride. That night, the crystal's warmth spread with a jolt in my body.

Ian had been away for three months and four days now. No one had a way of knowing how soon he would be back. I missed him terribly and could only be consoled by the emanating crystal and reassuring updates from the Birthing Woman that Ian was, at least, alive.

One morning, I was doing needlework and got up to get a drink of water. As habit would have it, I clutched the crystal and felt a shock. I immediately let go of it and took it again. The same thing happened. Only one possibility: Ian was coming home. The crystal responded like this for three days.

I found it quite fitting that the fourth morning, I awoke early, just as the sun's curve was rising over the hills. I dressed quickly, filled a small satchel with bread and cheese, and went to the woods.

An hour passed. The crystal was somewhat cooler than it had been. Another hour passed, still no Ian. Just as worry began to gnaw away at me, I heard a stick fracture. I spun around, and there was Ian, very haggard-looking, dirty, thin, and somewhat older.

I nearly stepped on Cyril as I lunged forward to hug Ian. I felt that glow without the crystal now. I tried to pull away from him after a brief hug, but he held me tightly, his face buried in my neck.

"I knew you'd be here," he mumbled through a sniff.

"Of course I'm here, Ian. How could I not be?" I replied.

He sniffed again. I sensed he was crying a little and allowed him to preserve a bit of customary manhood by doing it on my shoulder. After a few minutes, he stepped back.

"How did you know I'd be here today?" he asked.

"The crystal you gave me. How did you know I'd meet you?" I replied.

A similar crystal, the same color as Ian's eyes, dangled from a thin, gold chain. "I have one, too. Cyril brought it to me the first night I was away from home. I didn't know what it was for, and when I held it, it turned warm. Cyril began chattering, looking up and jumping at sky frantically. There was nothing but thousands of dots of light, and I remembered what I told you when I gave the pendant. I figured it had to be connected to you somehow."

I quickly told him the story about the crys-

tals, and he enjoyed the story immensely.

"So, how was your trip?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Double how bad I look, and that is how my trip was," he responded.

Suddenly, I remembered what happened to his bride. "Ilan, I have to tell you something," I began. "It's not an appropriate time, but I think I should now, regardless."

"Beulah is dead."

Quite surprised, I nodded.

He explained to me that he passed through her father's kingdom on his return and found that many people had died from the sickness he had had. It was there that he found out about her death. Ilan said he felt badly for her family, but that he felt little for her because she was no more than an acquaintance, though she was to be his bride.

We, with Cyril's help, spread a thick blanket of leaves along the frozen earth. I sat down, and Ilan lay with his head on my lap and munched on the snack I brought. He told me of his adventures along the way, meeting people of other cultures, seeing hunger and disease, wishing he were home. But what I was most curious about was the scarlet-breasted dragon.

Ilan sat up for this. "I had to guess where the dragon was, based on some clues Father had written for me. I was frightened to shakes."

"Cyril had joined me throughout the trip, and he helped me find the beast. He scurried ahead of me one late afternoon and soon met me again. He chattered loudly, and I knew I was near."

"So, cautiously, I approached the lair. I peeked far beyond each tree in my path. Finally, I looked- and there he was! He was this hulking brownish-green monster with a huge belly. And he was asleep. I thought, 'Well, if this isn't incredibly fortunate.' I came closer, noticing the black claws, which were worn to nubs. Wisps of smoke rose from his hairy nostrils."

I nodded, giggling.

"I found it hard not to laugh because all my life, I've been told how ferocious and blood-thirsty the creature was, and there he was asleep, with those enormous hairs. Anyway, I was trying to figure out a way to get my scale, when Cyril decided to poke pine cones into the dragon's nose, I suppose to block his fire. The poor thing began to snort and awoke with a start. I was within claws' reach. Cyril began running around the beast to distract him, but the dragon just looked at him, then at me. He scratched the cones from his nose and blew."

"A droopy stream of flames came out. I was too stunned to run, but I had my sword ready. The dragon rolled onto his hind legs and looked around. He peered at me with this very pathetic, bored look, and I stared at his enormous chest."

"The poor thing's chest was a mass of scarlet plates and scars. He seemed to be thinking, 'Oh, another one of those creatures.' Slowly, the dragon reached up and pulled a huge scale from his chest without a flinch. He dropped it on the ground and swished his tail to push it towards me. I was so stunned, Eve, I couldn't move. After a few seconds, the beast lumbered off into his cave and never came out again."

By now, I was laughing so hard tears were trickling from my eyes. How funny it was that every tale and every prince's account of his meeting with the dragon was this terrific, heroic battle with an evil monster! The poor dragon was nothing more than a slovenly, bored, over-grown reptile.

Ilan reached into the bag he had thrown to the ground and pulled out a dragon scale, the color of the deepest scarlet zinnias Mother ever grew. It was four times bigger than Ilan's hand, slightly thicker than bark, and very smooth.

"Hundreds of years of quests have made him complacent, then, Ilan?" I asked, smiling at him. "So what are you going to tell everyone now?" I was very curious to see what tale he had created to save face.

Ilan smiled at me. "I haven't decided yet. Perhaps you can help me with that one, miss. Actually, I haven't much thought about it."

"And why not? I should think that's the first question most people will ask, Ilan. You wouldn't want to disappoint," I teased.

He was silent for a while, swinging his crystal from the chain. Cyril was sleeping on a high branch above us, kicking bits of bark to the ground.

"Eve, I must ask you something," he finally said.

"What is it?" I replied.

He glanced down, then up at Cyril, then at me. "Do you love me, Eve?" Ilan asked flatly.

"Of course I do. I've known you forever. Don't be silly," I answered, getting this strange feeling that he meant something else.

"Yes, I know that. I'm asking you a more important question. A question I thought about more than the dragon, even more than coming home," he retorted.

Oh. Five months of separation, a lifetime of memories and a certain kind of love and he asks me this. But it's not like I didn't think about it during those nights I sat up, counting the stars, feeling warm. "Yes, Ilan," I said. "I love you." A long pause. "Do you love me?"

"Of course I love you. I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't," he responded. "I've loved you since we were children, Eve, only then it was different. During that time when my sisters were getting married and Mother was teaching me to be a proper prince, I wondered why I was preparing to marry someone, anyone, who I had nothing

in common with or even liked.

"The day I left for the quest was the worst day of my life. Had you never existed, leaving my home would have been a blessing, but you do exist, and you've had a part in shaping who I am."

"Oh, Ilan." I suddenly felt faced with destiny, something I could not control. We glanced at each other for a while. "Have you had time to accept that I am not what you thought I was? I'm not like other women, Ilan. Even though I know the wiles and ways of what I am supposed to be as a woman, I'm more than a woman; I am a person. I cannot accept a role that would force me to be anything less than I've become."

"I don't want you to. I've always had my suspicions about you. Your parents treated you differently, like a special gift. You demanded respect and respected others in turn. And never in our lives have we ever suffered the silence I've seen among men and women everywhere I've been. I'd be killing what I most love about you if I asked you to change."

"So what you're about to suggest is that we get married?" I bluntly demanded of him.

"Yes, for who could better suit the other?" His hand darted into a coat pocket, and he dropped on one knee before me. "Would you marry me, Eve?" Ilan lifted my hand to him and slipped a golden band studded with emeralds and sapphires on my finger.

"As I am?" I asked, almost near crying with some silly joy.

"As no other," he responded, kissing my hand.

"Well. . ." I began, "I suppose we would be very happy if the last eighteen years is any indication of what may be. There is one thing I must have, though."

"Anything you want," Ilan promised me brightly. "Not like I could stop you if you truly wanted it." He stood up again.

"I must have a key to the castle libraries."

"For you, there will no longer be doors blocking your access, Eve," Ilan answered.

I felt the sides of my mouth bowing into a smile in spite of myself. Leaning forward, I kissed him squarely, his rough cheeks in my hands.

We stood there, embraced for a while, my thoughts blurring, my crystal glowing. Over Ilan's shoulder, I saw the Birthing Woman standing with her right hand on a great oak tree, bathed in milky light. She smiled, raised a finger to her lips, and drifted into the maze of trees.

"There's just one thing we have to worry about, Eve," Ilan suddenly whispered into my hair:

"What's my mother going to say?"

THE END

Parting Shot



by eric parsons



by wayne "gonzo" schexnayder

1991 LSU Basketball

JANUARY

Tues. 15	at Alabama	8:30 p.m.
Sat. 19	OLE MISS	7:30 p.m.
Tue. 22	at Tennessee	8:30 p.m.
Sat. 26	FLORIDA	7:30 p.m.
Wed. 30	MISSISSIPPI STATE	7:00 p.m.

FEBRUARY

Sat. 2	at Vanderbilt	1:00 p.m.
Tue. 5	KENTUCKY	8:30 p.m.
Fri. 8	at Georgia	6:30 p.m.
Sun. 10	at Duke	1:00 p.m.
Wed. 13	AUBURN	7:30 p.m.
Sun. 17	ALABAMA	1:00 p.m.
Wed. 20	at Ole Miss	7:00 p.m.
Sat. 23	TENNESSEE	1:00 p.m.
Wed. 27	at Florida	7:00 p.m.

MARCH

Sat. 2	at Mississippi State	7:30 p.m.
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